JOHN BULL, JANUARY 19, 1929. Vol. XLV. No. 1179.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

BOVRIL
costs less
than
INFLUENZA

BOVRIL puts BEEF into you

Final closing date ← JAN. 31

JOHN BULL'S GRAND-DISTRIBUTION of GIFT-PACKAGES.

Free "Gillette" Razor Set

Gold plated Model, complete with blade, in velvet lined case.

One Shilling Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen.
Available only until January 31, 1929.
Cut out and attach to Coupon below

1/-

So increasingly popular has "John Bull's" Grand Distribution of Gift Packages proved, that rather than disappoint any of our readers, we have decided to extend the offer until the end of this month when it must definitely be withdrawn.

FREE!

[1] **A 4-Colour "Ever-pointed" Pencil.**

[2] **1/- Gift Voucher.**

[3] **7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set.**

4-COLOUR "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL, mechanically perfect, superbly finished, writes in blue, black, green or red, OR, a dainty Lady's one-colour Pencil in soft pastel shades.
SHILLING GIFT VOUCHER accepted as One Shilling cash in part payment of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, fitted with solid 14 carat gold nib, iridium tipped.
7/6 "MAYFAIR" DE LUXE SET containing a gold plated "Gillette" Razor in magnificent case.
Cut out the Free Shilling Voucher above now and attach to coupon below.

Free 4-Colour "Ever pointed" Pencil

—four pencils in one, pocket clip, extra leads and rubber, OR, a dainty Lady's One-Colour Pencil.

Golden Gift Set

containing the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen and Four-Colour Pencil (or Lady's pencil if you prefer) in dazzling golden box.

Written two years' guarantee with each "John Bull" Pen.

"JOHN BULL" GIFT COUPON.

To: "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. Room L, 77, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your Gift Package consisting of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, the FREE Four-Colour "Ever-Pointed" Pencil OR the Lady's Pencil (cross out the pencil not desired), and the FREE 7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set. I enclose Gift Voucher, which please accept as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen, and also Postal Order for 4/- plus 5/- to cover pocket clip, extra box of refills for "Ever-pointed" Pencil, postage, packing and insurance—making 5/- in all.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)
Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in capitals name or initials desired .....
Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

J.B., 19/1/29.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

ANOTHER £500 FOR TWO REGISTERED READERS

STAIRCASE TRAGEDY "JOHN BULL" PAYS £250

Mr. J. McGovan, 285, Cumberland Street, Glasgow, was coming downstairs, when in some manner he slipped and fell headlong down the whole flight sustaining injuries from which he died. "John Bull" has sent his widow a cheque for £250.

READER BURNED TO DEATH JOHN BULL PAYS £250

Mrs. J. T. Jackson, 47, Osmaston Street, Sandiacre Notts, was attending to the kitchen fire when, approaching too near, her clothing became ignited and she was burned to death. "John Bull" has sent her husband a cheque for £250.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

J.B., 19.1.29.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.) ..... Age .....

Address .....

.....

J.B., 19.1.29.

Reader's Signature .....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Thursday for the following Wednesday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 3/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. Free.—Cretcway Press, 6, Busted, Sussex.

PRINTING.—10,000 Billheads or Handbills for 30/-. All classes of printing. Samples free. MORETURN PRESS (B), HALIFAX.

BARGAIN SALES.

BARGAINS! Thousands of amazing private offers again in "EXCHANGE & MART." To Buy or sell privately—it's the best. 2d. at newsagents, 3d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WRITE for post free book of colour designs of CATESBY'S CORK LINO and sample pieces to test the quality. This offer is made in the advt. on page 22.

FREE LISTS are offered by the Regent Fittings Co., whose advt. appears on page 24.

WRITE TO-DAY for the Sartor Sale Catalogue offered in the advt. on page 31.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT of Woolly Blankets is offered in the Moss advt. on page 12.

A FREE BUG is sent with every order for a "Prudential" Carpet offered by F. Hodgson & Sons, whose advt. appears on page 14.

"HAD I BEEN A CASH CUSTOMER I COULD NOT HAVE BEEN BETTER SERVED"

You can purchase the Fullotone on our generous easy terms with absolute confidence. These wonderful instruments are renowned for their marvellous reproducing qualities—no matter at what volume a Fullotone is operated, the tone maintains the natural purity of the original performance—free from distortion. Fullotones are sold direct from factory and save our customers the 60 per cent. profit which would otherwise go to MIDDLEMEN, RETAILERS AND JOBBERS. Remember that they are all British and are guaranteed for one year with free service.

From: C. H. M., *London Road, Mitcham, October 9th, 1928.*

". . . . *The transaction was carried through at your Croydon branch on Saturday, October 6th, at about 7.30 p.m., and the delivery was made at about 4 p.m. on Monday, October 8th. If I had been a cash customer your service and consideration could not have been better, but to have delivery made within seven actual working hours . . . is to my mind remarkable. This fact, as I know it, proves your faith in the British public and cannot go unrecognised. I am exceedingly pleased with the instrument, which I consider really excellent value.*

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

5-19-6 CARRIAGE PAID U.K.

or £1 down and 11 monthly payments of 10/2.

Richly finished OAK Jacobean Pedestal 39 ins. high, complete with DOUBLE SPRING Motor (plays three tunes at one winding), Fullotone Junior Soundbox, new type Tone Arm, and new all-metal Sound Chamber. Natural purity of tone with enormous volume.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES LTD. (Dept. J.B 75), 73, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.

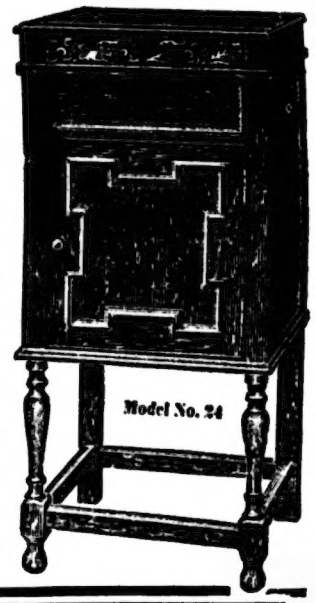
Phone: North 0017.

41, *George Street, Croydon.* 13, *Paradise Street, Liverpool.*
561, *High Road, Tottenham.* 85, *Oxford Road, Manchester.*
149, *High Street (N.), East Ham.* 312/314, *Argyle Street, Glasgow*

FULLOTONE *The Gramophone of Amazing Value!*

Thus writes a proud owner from Mitcham

20 Models ranging from 39/6 to £13 19 6. Cash or deferred terms.



FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane's Warehouse, 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME BY selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Clegg, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat.—H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. H., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free.—Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

30/- FREE. FINE CHANCE FOR AGENTS. Appointments open for Agents to Run Clubs for Footwear, Clothing, Sheets, Cutlery, etc. Earn more money. Present employment not interfered with. Start at once. Write for details to-day.—MAXIMUM CLUB, 112, MAXIMUM WORKS, NORTHAMPTON.

EASTER Choc. & Cig. Clubs.—Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc. Agents wtd. Good terms. Illus. Lists. No substitutes.—Write, MATHER'S (Dept. J.), 192, Chorley Old Rd., Bolton, Lancs.

AN opportunity arises by which a liberal income can be earned by anyone prepared to work steadily, either spare or whole time. No previous experience necessary. Write now, before all vacancies are filled, to The Manager, Agency Department (No. 51), 39, Pratt Street, London, N.W.1

EASTER Choc. Clubs. Agents Wanted; good comm.; only leading makes. Send for list, etc.—Eaton & Co., 33, Lower Wortley Road, Leeds.

AGENTS.—Exceptional line Embossed Stationery. (No dies required.) Splendid repeat business. Samples 3d. Shaw and Son, 17, Crescent, Birmingham.

EMPLOYMENT.

WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects. This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you by post in your spare time? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. CO., Dept. 199, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. —Write, IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 245, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

MEN, 19-35, wanted for Australian farms. Guaranteed employment. Advanced passages. Call or write, O/8 Dept., Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, W.1.

EXPERIENCED Collector and Canvasser required in every district to represent an old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Bedding, Watches, etc., on credit. Small salary, commission and expenses. State age and experience to Box 97, W. Scriven, Ltd., 5/6, Clement's Inn, London, W.C.2.

BOYS (ages 14-19) WANTED for CANADA, AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND. Farm training, outfit; assisted passages provided. The Salvation Army keeps in touch with boys after settlement in the Dominions. Make immediate application.—The Branch Manager, 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends, etc. Over 12/- in the £ profit. No order too small. Catalogue Free.—NICKSON'S, Manufrs., Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 325, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1 lb. for Gifts, etc. Grey Yarn 3/3 lb. Navy 3/10 lb., post free. Patts. of Fe'gns, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants, Cat. free. Satis. guarant'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine, 12 oz., Rug 10½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Rug Guide, 600 Samples, Free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PEACH'S ANNUAL SALE.—Curtains, Nets, Casements, Cretonnes, Muslins, Quilts, Blankets, Linens. Write for Bargain Sale Catalogue.—PEACH & SONS, LTD., 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

HEARTHRUGS 53 x 25 in., 14/6 dozen! Big Selling Goods! All Kinds! Lists free!—L.B. Co. (J.B.), 31, Kendal Lane, Leeds.

RUBBER STAMPS AND DATERS. Quickest delivery, lowest prices. Lists free.—WAINSTON TRADING CO., MORRISTON, SWANSEA.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon Specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—Direct from Blenders to Household. At wholesale prices, 1/6, 1/8, 2/- per lb., carr. pd. on 4 lb. Special quotas for large quantities. Satisfaction g'nt'd.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6. Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barrys, Towels, Napkins. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for pcl.; approv. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. 85 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chris. Robe to Napkins. A purchaser writes:—"Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments.)—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES.—Build own £40 model for 40/-. Instructions 3d. Lists of Gramophones and Parts free.—J. B. G., 386, York Road, London, S.W.18.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

"CAGE BIRDS," BRILLIANT BIRTHDAY NUMBER. A delight for all who keep Canaries and Pet Birds. Lovely coloured plate, calendar and cover. Art supplement. 6d. at Newsagents, 7d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

"POULTRY WORLD" GRAND NEW YEAR NUMBER. Next Friday. Copiously illustrated, coloured calendar; extra pages, practical articles. 4d. at all newsagents. 5d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 160 pages, 240 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridgard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (468D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERY cures Bladder Weakness and Kidney Troubles. Ask for PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WHOOPING COUGH. — Vapo Cresolene promptly relieves all breathing troubles and chest complaints.—Write for Free Booklet No. 44 to Allen and Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

TRIAL SAMPLES of "Cuticura" preparations can be obtained from the address given in the advt. on page 12.

A FREE SAMPLE of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will be sent to readers forwarding the coupon that appears in the advt. on page 25.

FREE TRIAL SAMPLES of Potter's Asthma preparations, together with free Booklet, is offered in the advt. on page 28.

BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d. Douglas Dew, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Hse., Victoria Rd., London, S.E.15.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for wkly. payments. Inquire, stating size, London Car Co., 52, Tacobalds Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

HAVE YOU A 1929 MIND? If you are free from old-fashioned prejudices and "Grundyism" you'll enjoy the January BLUE Magazine! Sealed—16 brilliantly modern, daring stories. Authors include "Valentine," Gertie Wentworth James, Lady Kitty Vincent, and Thomas Edgelow. 1/- at bookstalls; 1/2 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

"MAN-CRAZY" GIRLS! Read T. Bowen Partington's powerful exposure in to-day's "Health and Strength." 3d. at newsagents. 4d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

ON page 29 the Proprietors of "FAIRY SOAP" offer a wonderful cash prize in a free competition open to all *John Bull* readers. Read the advertisement carefully and send in your attempt now.

HANDSOME CASH PRIZES are offered by the Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap for the first correct replies to the Crossword Puzzle appearing on page 14. Read the advertisement carefully. Each solution must be accompanied by three outside printed wrappers.

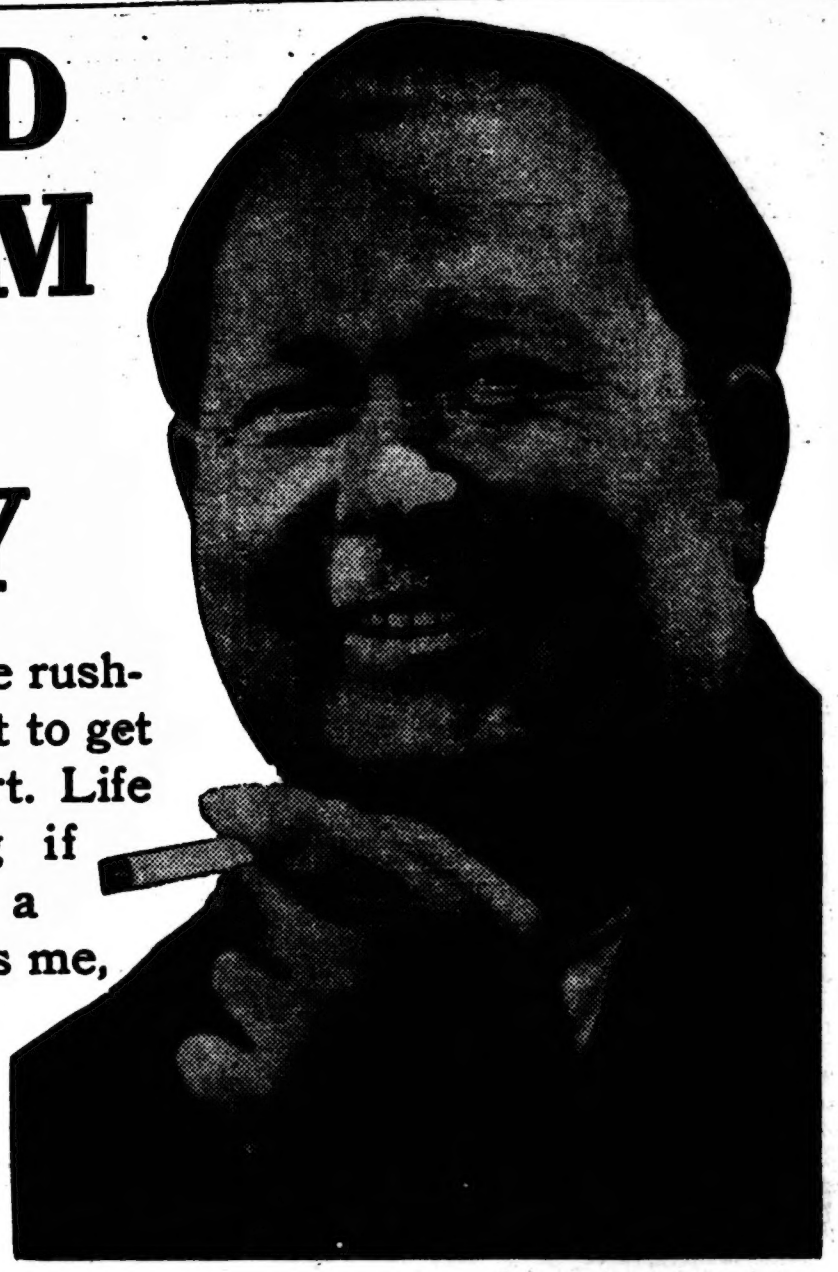
FREE TRIAL.—Send 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing) for de luxe sample outfit of "Poudre" Tokalon." This offer is made in the advt. on page 23. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when replying.

FREE.—£200 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese or label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Friday, February 1, 1929. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

THE NEW B.D.V. 84-pp. GIFT BOOK FREE. Send a postcard to-day to the address given in the B.D.V. advt. on page 27. Be sure to mention *John Bull*.

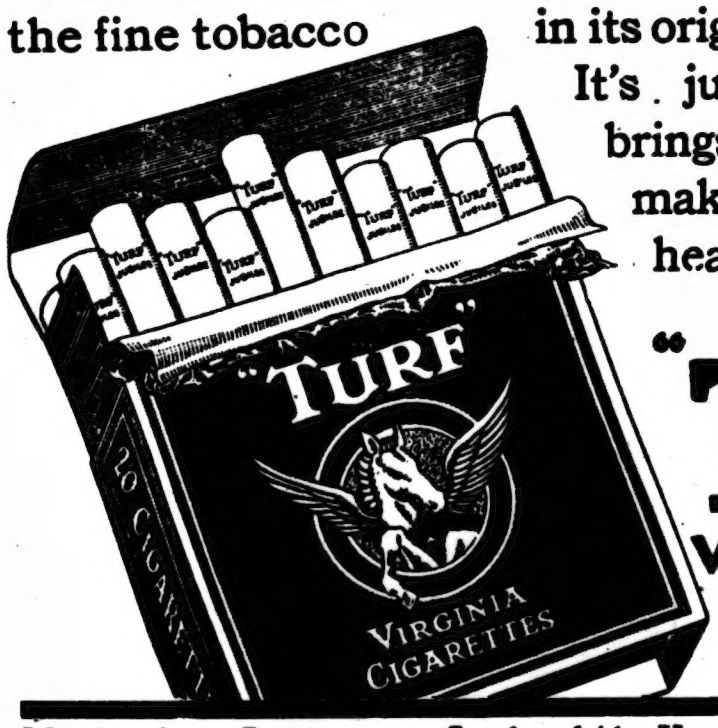
FREE.—Every victim of Indigestion should read the helpful Diet Guide, "What to Eat." Send to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, the address given in the advt. on page 26

NO, OLD BOY—I'M IN NO HURRY



"I'm not one of those rushing fellows who want to get there before they start. Life isn't worth living if you're *always* in a hurry; which reminds me, have a cigarette. I smoke "Turf." I call it the unhurried smoke because it's a cigarette you can thoroughly enjoy in your quiet moments—when you really *notice* what you're smoking."

"You see they don't *rush* Turf cigarettes. They leave the fine tobacco in its original wood casks for years. It's just that maturing that brings out the flavour and makes them, above all, the healthiest smoke there is."



"TURF"

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 for 1/-

Made by Carreras Ltd. 141 Years' reputation for Quality

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Hebocally, London.

Week ending Saturday, Jan 19, 1929. Twopence. Vol. XLV. No. 1179.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage all over the world, 1d.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Wait and See!

The late Lord Oxford once coined the famous phrase "Wait and see." We borrowed it the other day when we were asked point-blank what JOHN BULL was about to do. Nevertheless, if you wait just a little longer you *will* see.

Premature!

Our exclusive announcement two weeks ago of the plot between Lord Rothermere and Mr. Thomas to form a new centre Party has not been contradicted, although we learn it has annoyed both these gentlemen exceedingly.

A New Recruit.

Further information has reached us that Lord Beaverbrook is toying with the idea of adding the weight of his papers to that of the Rothermere group. Labour leaders who do not see eye to eye with Mr. Thomas are deeply anxious. The realisation of the scheme, of course, would split the Labour Party from top to bottom.

Killing by Kindness.

Nevertheless the astutest minds in the Labour machine believe that if Mr. Thomas were able to stampede the Party into adopting his policy officially it would not be a tragedy. Lord Rothermere, on the other hand, would be disappointed, for he is not likely to forget that while a house divided against itself cannot stand, a Labour house that is not divided is of little use to Northcliffe House.

Winston's Problem.

Mr. Churchill is trying desperately to make sixpence off the income tax a feature of the Budget. He had to decide between this and a reduction of the beer duty as a bid for favour. It is highly unlikely that he will be able to do either, but the latter is the less probable of the two. However, he is good enough a campaigner to know that there must be some sort of gesture to balance the derating muddle.

Money to Burn.

The Government ought to withdraw the new issue of £1 and 10s. Bank of England notes. Endless confusion has been caused by the reversal of the colours, and the printing machinery is obviously defective. Examples of duplicated numbers are becoming common, and the other day a note turned up which has been folded in printing so that part of its face was left blank.

Two Kinds of Fog.

London's fog is responsible for increased rates and increased ill-health. Every year 280 tons of solid matter are deposited upon every square mile, and seven-eighths of the sun's power is shut out. All this misery and expense need not be. We have methods for taking the smoke and dirt out of coal, and providing a smokeless fuel at the same price. The City of Glasgow has now a supply of this fuel from public works and the demand cannot be met.

Something Coming.

Mr. Baldwin has given the farmers a hint to keep away from politics. His advice is gratuitous. No body of men has suffered more from politicians than the farmers. Agricultural constituencies are going to provide more than one surprise at the polls.

They Didn't Dare.

It appears that the South African Government is not to proceed with the German Commercial Treaty after all. The change is a tribute to Empire opinion, and is no credit to General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, who is a vindictive and muddle-headed man. His administration is supported by some of the most corrupt forces in the Union. It is these forces which were behind the Treaty.

Opera Pops.

Sir Thomas Beecham and Dame Nellie Melba are to unite in the effort to give England Grand Opera. Good! Their unanimity will be wonderful so long as they do agree. But each has the artistic temperament, and a more than usually forceful personality, so we may look out when their operatic performances actually start for a real big "noise."

Poultry.

If the police are anxious to stop cock-fighting, which is practised regularly within a mile of Piccadilly Circus, the Post Office authorities might be called in to help. Invitation by telegram to attend a "poultry show" should be regarded with suspicion. Real poultry shows in London are rare, and people have little occasion to send telegrams to one another about attending them.

Unpatriotic Managers.

We do not like to hear of London theatrical managers instructing their New York representatives to hold auditions for the selection of American actresses to come to London. This is being done. If an American actress has made a name in a certain part in America and comes to London to play it—well and good. But to engage American girls at all costs without seeing them, while our own unemployed actresses are not even given a trial, is grossly unpatriotic and grossly unfair.

A Bar On It.

It is announced that Sir Michael Bruce, baronet, is about to organise a trade union for film workers. Doubtless, Sir Michael has the best intentions in the world, but we would have thought that his unfortunate business ventures of the past would have convinced him that he has enough to do to look after his own affairs.

Rampstead.

The increase in land values which has taken place in London since the war shows no signs of a decline. Fashionable suburbs like Hampstead have sites that realise £10,000 an acre. A few years ago these sites were agricultural land commanding £50 per acre! It's a golden age—for land-owners!

Phew!

The fantastic figures banks will pay to get head offices in Lombard Street is truly extraordinary. Sir Reginald M'Kenna's example in building the new Midland office in Poultry has had no effect. Even a freak site in Lombard Street can command millions to-day. Four million pounds per acre was offered recently by one of the Big Five and refused. Bond Street's price of 1½ millions an acre is modest in proportion.

Me and My Shadow.

Next to Lord Byng, the "big noise" at Scotland Yard is a man who is unknown to the public, Mr. Howgrave-Graham, a former Home Office official, who is the secretary of the Metropolitan Police. It is young Mr. Howgrave-Graham who has been putting the new Commissioner wise to the wheels within wheels. Lord Byng finds him invaluable and always has him at his side.

Pioneers.

Mr. Morris, the leader of the British motor industry, contemplates putting a German edition of his smallest car—the Morris Minor—on the German market. The "Austin Seven," disguised by another name, has already sold so well in Germany that Mr. Morris wants to share the spoil with Sir Herbert Austin. Good luck to both.

Not So Artificial.

Courtaulds, the great artificial silk firm, will soon build a large factory in South Wales. Sites are being inspected and plans prepared. Here is a method to solve part of the South Wales starvation and distress. We commend it to other prosperous manufacturers.

Tartan Tripe.

Mr. Spence, the Nationalist candidate in the Midlothian by-election, is a perfervid Scot. He wishes to bring all Scots regiments to Scotland to form the basis of a Scottish army. This implies that the Scots under Home Rule would be in need of drastic handling! Mr. Spence is lending spice to the election with his flourishing phrases about Bannockburn. There are a few people in Scotland who believe in Home Rule, but this kind of "splish-splash" only lends ridicule to the cause.

JOHN BULL

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Another Little Job for Byng.

The dope trouble is rampant in London again. Cocaine, fraudently adulterated with boracic powder, can not only be obtained with comparative ease in some of the all-night cafés, but there are touts about who do their best to press the stuff on likely looking victims.

What Hopes ?

Dr Von Dirksen, German ambassador to Russia, has been welcomed in Moscow by a "German week of festivities." His arrival means millions of pounds a year put into the pockets of German industrialists.

A Hard World.

The British Communists will run a few "straight" candidates at the General Election; most of their time and money will be devoted to assisting secretly the candidature of those who may be relied on to lend the "comrades" a helping hand. For one thing our "reds" are hard up. Money from Moscow is very tight.

The First Reform.

The Prudential Assurance Company has at last announced a reform we have been urging for years. Policies which have been paid on for a year will not in future lapse should the assured be unable to continue payment. Free policies will be issued instead. We are glad to note this as the first step towards clearing up one of the many iniquities of industrial assurance.

Drummed Out.

Our contemporary, the *Melody Maker*, is busy routing the bogus music publishers, of whom JOHN BULL has had a good deal to say. At least one of the fraternity—Mr. Wyn Ewart, of the Strand Music Company, Gerrard Street, London, W.1, has been compelled to vacate his premises owing to the campaign. Others will follow, for the *Melody Maker* has the whole of the legitimate profession behind it.

"Fording" the Nile.

Mr. Henry Ford has approached the Egyptian Government with an offer to build a macadam road 155 miles long at his own expense if the Government will allow his cars to enter Egypt free of duty. Ford is a Free Trader with the courage of his convictions. Here we have an interesting example of market bargaining, the result of which ought to be successful. The idea might well be followed by our politicians.

Electric Shocks.

The Electricity Act of 1926 was supposed to give us cheap electricity. The Clyde Valley Electricity Company has raised its prices to the domestic consumer by one-third. The company gave notice of a reduction in the price of the unit from sixpence to fourpence, but the notice was followed by a new tariff by which the householder is compelled to pay one-third more. It is the old game of making the small domestic consumer pay for the large consumer.

Air Advertisements.

By the process of refuelling in flight, America has captured the world's duration flight record—150 hours 45 minutes. We believe our own Air Ministry has carried out similar tests with success. Why doesn't the world know about it? The American record, which could have been easily made here by British machines, is a great advertisement for American aircraft, for duration records are of more use than speed records.

Money Talks—and Gossips.

Trouble is brewing in the Labour Party over the preference that is almost certain to be given to moneyed recruits for places in the Government, should Labour return to power. Wives of the newcomers are already counting their Cabinet chickens! The bitter feeling on the subject is proved by the appearance on Labour conference agenda of resolutions asking that appointments for any future Government should be decided by the Parliamentary Labour Party and not by the Prime Minister.

P.M.G. Please Note.

The Post Office ought to remember that residents don't go to bed immediately after tea and like a reasonable time in which to write their letters. The P.M.G., if he has time to consider postal matters between his literary efforts in connection with a radio paper, might care to investigate this trouble. He might very well begin at Bradford. In a thickly populated residential area, where business men abound, the last collection is at about 8 p.m.

Does Honesty Pay ?

The Commissioners of Prisons Report shows that to keep a convict in a preventive detention prison costs £2 4s. 5d. per week; in a convict prison £1 9s. 5d., in a Borstal institution £1 6s. 5d., and in a local prison £1 0s. 6d. This is more than the "dole," and in spite of the Contributory Pensions Scheme showing a surplus of 32½ millions the Government refuses to increase the present pension of 10s. a week to the aged. Why should honest folk be treated worse than convicts ?

Lawbreakers All!

What can be done about the Lottery Laws ? Darlington railway men raised £3,000 for the town's hospital. The Rotary Club felt it ought to do something and organised a sixpenny draw, with a semi-detached villa as the prize. Word came from London that the draw would be illegal, but it took place, and the villa is now occupied by the winner, who is a councillor and chairman of the Y.M.C.A. A body of respectable citizens are technically "rogues and vagabonds," the chairman of the Y.M.C.A. is presumably an accessory! Dare the authorities prosecute ?

Keep your eye on

THURSDAY, JAN. 31st.

Another Blackguard Butcher.

Mr. Mark Chapman, a Norwich butcher, was fined in 1918 for an offence concerning the sale of horse-flesh. Recently a piece of pork which he had on his premises was found to be tubercular and an official stated that eaters of it might have been affected. The fine of £5 which Chapman had to pay is nothing compared with the doctors' bills others might ultimately have had to meet. Send this type of fellow to jail!

Spell It "Slow."

When motoring past the Slough Estate on a wet evening we were vexed to see bunches of girl and women workers, wet to the skin almost, and huddled together, waiting for the arrival of 'buses to take them to their homes. We hear that the Slough Estate Company has had a very prosperous year. Could not a few pounds be spent on providing shelters for those of the 7,000 workers on the estate who rely on 'buses for the journey home ?

The Volga Shipmen.

The fishing industry is not the only one that is exerting powerful pressure on the Government to reopen negotiations with the Soviet for full trading facilities. Shipbuilders are also working behind the scenes. Recent information from Russia concerning the efforts of the Soviet to build their own shipping has given the masters on the Clyde and the Tyne food for thought. Some £10,000,000 has been spent in the new Russian yards. It might have come here.

Stressing the Obvious.

The order has gone forth that West Riding policemen must carry tape measures for the purpose of taking measurements in connection with motor accidents, jemmy marks on doors and windows, and footprints which might provide evidence in cases of burglary. "Before tape-measures were provided, policemen had to measure with their feet, which often caused disputes," said a genial superintendent to JOHN BULL.

Doops and Dupes.

A picture paper has invented a new game called "dooping." It consists of spotting "doops," men who are imperfectly dressed according to Bond Street standards. Some "Doops" noted "wore untidy mufflers which clashed with their socks, suits and handkerchiefs." We spotted a worse case in a queue. His patched boots and threadbare coat clashed sadly with his medal ribbons.

An Insurance Hardship.

The other day an insurance inspector at Newton Abbot Petty Sessions made a statement which brings to light a serious hardship. An employer admitted that although he had made weekly deductions from five of his employees' wages, he had omitted to stamp the insurance cards. The inspector declared that the men were out of benefit, and that in order to become entitled to benefit they must pay the contributions. If the statement of the inspector is correct, it is a crying shame!

As You Were.

We recently informed our readers that the Ministry of Pensions officials had declined to see our representative who called to press the claims of pensioners. They decline no longer. Sir George Chrystal, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry, has now ordered that every facility should be given to us in our fight for pensioners who are ignorant of the regulations. We congratulate Major Tryon, the Minister, and Sir George Chrystal, on their firm handling of the situation.

Doesn't He Know ?

In the Keighley and Worth Valley district of Yorkshire there are thousands of men partially or totally unemployed. One of this number who has been out of work for eighteen months was brought before the Keighley West Riding Justices for non-payment of rates. On the bench was Mr. Jonas Sugden, who put to the defendant this bright question: "How is it that you have been out of work so long—a young man like you ?" Hundreds of thousands of unemployed have been asking this for years!

Below the Belt.

The meanest trick of all employed by the Ministry of Labour is the method of espionage against out-of-works. Inspectors now visit the homes of these unfortunates. An inspector recently found a Bradford recipient of the "dole" at home at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The man explained that he had been out since 7 a.m. seeking work and had returned for a meal and a rest, intending to go out again in search of a job on the night turn. The inspector reported that he was "not genuinely seeking work." His "dole" was stopped.

Piracy and Pampering.

The White Abbey district of Bradford is scheduled for slum clearance. Buildings involved include licensed premises and innumerable small houses belonging to owner-tenants. For the latter the Corporation is giving compensation on the basis of the value of the land only, the amounts ranging up to £100. For licensed houses the basis of compensation is "barrellage." In two instances £8,600 each has been paid to the breweries for dingy little pubs, whose market value, without licence, is not more than £300. The distinction is as unfair as the 1925 Housing Act which permits the Corporation to fix its own compensation.

High Ambitions.

Mr. W. R. Goodacre is as wide as his name. But he is certainly not as tall as his ideas. The Deveron Company, of Parbold, Lancs, of which he is said to be the director, claims to have increased the height of clients by inches through its "Threefold System." It even talks about the "probability" of an increase of five inches! You can have an "attractive appearance" for £2! Our advice is to keep your money and put up with your present looks.

THE SCOUNDREL *with a* HAMMER

by LORD GORELL, C.B.E.

ALL human beings in this world have in their composition some traces of the gambler—they would not be human otherwise. The person simply does not exist who does not in his heart feel a kind of little fluttering excitement at the idea of a bargain, that is, of getting something for less than it is ordinarily worth.

This is an ineradicable instinct in man, and it is relied on by all successful swindlers. The mock-auction gangs, at any rate, know quite well that there is something about an auction that captivates even the cautious.

"Going, going, gone!" Who is strong-minded enough to resist the insidious suggestion? Just another shilling or two and the article is yours; going for a mere song, too. You simply must have it! Anyone who has been at a sale by auction must know how infectious the excitement can be.

Auctions, genuine auctions, are jolly things; they lend a bit of colour to humdrum lives; they are a legitimate gamble, both for those who have goods to dispose of, and for those who are bargain-hunting.

But "mock-auctions" are nothing but swindles, with the dice cleverly loaded against the unsuspecting bidder. And, just because they appeal to the universal gambling instinct, they are prosperous concerns; and, because they are prosperous, they are greatly on the increase.

All over the country, in the busy streets of inland towns at ordinary times, and at our seaside resorts at holiday times, gangs of rogues are operating.

Significant code-signs

I lay stress on the word "gangs," because the existence of a gang is essential to the success of the swindle.

In booths and little shops, opening on to the thoroughfares, an auction—apparently—is being held. At the entrance are one or two men in league with the hammerer—it would be degrading to a respectable profession to describe him as an auctioneer—whose job it is to induce passers-by to walk in.

These men are known in the fraternity as "ricks" or "gees," and inside, mingling inconspicuously among the crowd, are "floormen," others of the gang, also with their tasks assigned to them.

They have three important functions. They work up the atmosphere of excitement; they do the actual lying, and so create the belief that articles auctioned are genuine bargains, and they find out, by listening to conversation and peering into purses, exactly how much money is available amongst genuine bidders.

The use of outlandish slang and code-signs is essential, for these "ricks" have to communicate with the hammerer without anyone else being the wiser. The hammerer wants to know who it is worth making a set at and for how much.

Thus, a person with only £1 on him is described as "case phunt." One with £2 is known as "deuce phunt." A "flush" is good for £5, while "Uncle Ben" or "Cock and Hen" indicates the possession of £10. Finally, there is the "sarker," that is, a man of means.

By many artifices a man or woman once in the auction room is retained there, and the gang are expert at drawing from each, not merely a few shillings for a worthless article, but every penny in their victims' purses.

Hence it becomes necessary to "sling the gee," *i.e.*, take part in the swindle, in a variety of ways. The "pitchgetter," the man whose job it is to get people to bid, is not actually responsible for the selling of the goods: the hammerer is.

Therefore the hammerer is careful not to say outright, "This is a genuine Chippendale chair," or "that is a fine old piece of Waterford glass."

He merely says, "in my opinion—mind, I only give it for what it is worth—it is as good as Chippendale or Waterford"—and leaves it to his fellow "ricks" to go into ecstasies amongst the crowd by all the powers of "blagging" at their command.

Never any bargains

But, don't forget—for this is the keynote of the whole ramp—there are *no* bargains whatever to be picked up at a mock-auction! It is not an auction at all; it is a sale of trumpery by the aid of mass suggestion and crowd excitement.

The hammerer has to show at least half "bunce," or profit, on each of his sales. That fact alone makes any bargain impossible!

The "swag" or "flash," having been bought from wholesalers solely for the purpose of these "pitches," the hammerer knows exactly what the real value is. He will never let anything go under its value and a half—and often he can work it up to ever so much more.

Any objector, any member of the public who finds on reflection that he has been swindled, is known as a "bogey." There is one golden rule among the rogues, get a "bogey" away from the rest so that he shall not spoil the hammerer's patter or the "ricks" suggestions.

Getting him round to the back on the pretence of seeing to his grievance, so that he shall not interfere with the mock-auction, is "smitzing the bogey to hinton so as not to noise the edge."

Very illuminating really when you know what it means! Get him to "hinton" (behind the rostrum, out of the way) certainly, but don't return him his money, when there—not if it can possibly be avoided!

Another piece of picturesque slang is "gazoomph the sarkers." I am told "gazoomph" has passed into the language now that I have used it in the House of Lords; it deserves to. It is a lovely word for an ingenious piece of trickery.

Wholesale fleecing

Suppose some member of the crowd has been reported to the hammerer as a "sarker," that is, as a person with a good deal of money in his wallet, he is simply asking to be "gazoomphed" (swindled) out of every penny of it.

There are many varieties of "gazoomphing." The simplest involves getting the "sarker" to bid, say, £5 for a "rolled gold" watch that probably cost £2 5s.

That is a good "bunce," but not enough; try him with an electro-plate tea and coffee set possibly worth £4 7s.

Run this up by the aid of the "ricks" to near £20; then, if the "sarker" will not bid £20, put up the watch, already bought, and the £5, together with the set, and ask the "sarker" to bid again.

Well, £5 is £5, and the watch—£5 (as already bid), that is £10: the "sarker" thinks, "good enough: I'm getting my watch and £5 for nothing," and excitedly bids £20 or more.

Lord Gorell, M.A., C.B.E., who has introduced a Bill, framed to strike a death-blow at the mock auction menace

It is not until he counts what he has left in his purse, and reflects on the whole transaction quietly, that he realises that at the end he is £20 or more out of pocket. In return he has a watch, value £2 5s. and a coffee set, value £4 7s., while the £5, of course, was his own all the time!

And the hammerer is quite capable of going on, putting up watch, coffee set, £5 and £20, and extracting for these and something else a total of £50 or more until the victim is run dry.

Try it verbally on one of your friends, as I did; it will usually be some minutes, even in a quiet room without "ricks" around, before he realises just what the result really is.

But these gangs do not rest content with any one method or use only one sort of "pitch." There is the "rigged sale," when a vacant house is taken and filled with goods. Most of the goods are faked, but there are a few genuine pieces, the latter, of course, being invariably knocked down to one of the gang.

Preposterous profits

The whole is advertised widely as a genuine house-sale. An instance has been known where, in such a rigged sale, a pair of vases, costing £3 10s., were sold for £85!

These gangs descend upon localities like locusts, and the genuine auctioneer finds his reputation tarnished in the eyes of the public.

The remedy at present is cumbrous and inadequate. A man can be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences; but, as I have said, the hammerer rarely does the actual lying; he leaves that to his "ricks," and they are disguised as the general public.

And, not unnaturally, the man or woman—and women are the chief victims—who has been swindled is reluctant to come forward and confess as much in public.

Proof, under the law as it is at present, is difficult. But the police know these gangs pretty well and could deal with them if their hands were strengthened.

It is to strengthen the existing law that I have, at the request of the Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents, who are anxious to see these slurs on their profession made impossible, introduced a "Mock Auctions" Bill into the House of Lords.

This has been given its Second Reading, and is now referred to a Select Committee for examination. It behoves the public, whether personally "gazoomphed" or patriotically opposed to the "gazoomphing" of others, to insist upon the passage of the Bill into law.

BOGUS HERO UNMASKED

Another Foreign Legion Hoax

ENTER "Legionaire 3515," with a breathless narrative of the desert sands, of a dramatic escape from the hated Foreign Legion, of agonised suffering in its ranks, of Arab disguise and all the trimmings of a first-rate Legion yarn by P.C. Wren.

Sidney Bell Tomlinson (otherwise No. 3515) has not, however, stepped from the pages of a novel. Neither has he stepped out of the ranks of the Legion.

He has, as a matter of fact, only recently stepped out of an English jail.

He is a liar and not a Legionaire. He is a bold and audacious bluffer who has hoodwinked the Press and public of a great English city.

Columns of valuable newspaper space have been devoted to his "exploits"; even his photograph has been featured.

So successful was his deception that a well-known philanthropist actually began to have him trained for the Ministry!

Girl victim

Another of his dupes was a trusting girl, whose love he won, whose money he squandered and who, in the end, he left broken-hearted.

He tricked the great City of Liverpool, its Press and people, into believing his colourful lies. There seemed no limit to his fund of falsehoods.

His fertile imagination ran riot in the most amazing manner. So convincingly and so often did he lie that he almost grew to believe that what he was telling was the truth.

Tomlinson, who is thirty-two years of age, has not hesitated to draw upon his Army experience to supplement his stories.

His knowledge of military affairs has aided him in his pose as a Legionaire, but the nearest he has ever been to the desert is a parade ground in South Africa.

He has brought grief and misery to his widowed mother, a resident of Hull. So unscrupulous is the rascal that he even brought her name and that of his home town into his intrigues.

Self-styled hero

We trust that these revelations will have the effect of ending his career as a "Legionaire," and that no more generous members of the public or innocent girls will be duped by him.

We happen to know his real record, as we shall later show, but for the moment we will impart to our readers some little idea of his story as believed by Press and public.

Tomlinson is in the habit of prefacing his experiences with the information that he served throughout the war with the Cameron Highlanders, was demobilised, but later rejoined the Army and was drafted to South Africa.

When his time expired in 1922, he says, he returned to England, was unable to find work and, in desperation, being in Marseilles "without a bean," he joined the Foreign Legion.

Then, continues his story, terrible privations began. He was sent to Oran, where he experienced brutal discipline and had to eat food crawling with maggots.

Colourful story

There were harsh sentences for trivial offences. For losing an article of clothing the sentence was ten days in jail.

Once he was imprisoned for refusing to eat his rations.

He was unpopular, he said, because of his British nationality, slept on a

Sidney Bell Tomlinson

stone bed in a white-washed cell and was pestered by vermin.

He is good enough, however, to pay a splended tribute to the Legion as a fighting force! It is, he says equal to any body of men.

The story of his escape after four and a half years of suffering is dramatic as befits such an adventurer.

The "white doctor"

There is, of course, an American in it, as there always is in the best escape stories!

He and this American risked the death penalty by enlisting the aid of a wandering tribe of Bedouins when at a camp called Dregget, ninety-five miles from Oran.

They overpowered a sentry, leaving him "trussed up," hid in the desert for several hours, and were then guided by a girl with a goat-skin water-bag to "the White Doctor" of whom they had heard.

Arriving at the Arab camp they were received by a tall figure in Arab dress with a typical Bedouin beard.

With joy they saw that his skin was white, and, talking in perfect English, he explained that he was an Oxford medical student, whose father was the medical officer of a large English town.

He added that he had also escaped from the Legion and was being befriended by the Arabs.

Tomlinson declares that the "White Doctor" is the "mystery man" of the desert.

The two deserters were disguised as Arabs and sent by caravan to Oran, where they caught the Elder-Fyffe boat to Chirappa and worked their passage to Marseilles.

The American caught a tramp steamer to America, and Tomlinson went from Hull to Manchester, and then from Manchester to Liverpool.

The spirit of adventure is not dead in him, he asserts. He may make a "fresh start" in Canada.

That, readers, is his story. And a wonderful story it is. It is a pity, almost, that it is not true.

* * *

What's under his hat?

Tissue of lies

Actually, of course, it is one long tissue of lies. The truth about the young "romancer" is this:

He was educated at Fountain Road Elementary School, Hull, joined the Army in 1915 and was posted to the Cameron Highlanders.

He served in France from 1916 until the Armistice and later served in South Africa.

He returned home in 1922 and has not been out of the country since. He has worked for a circus (where perhaps he planned his great bluff) and elsewhere, but does not appear to have been in steady employment—except when in jail.

There are a number of convictions recorded against him for theft, fraud and embezzlement.

He was only released from his last "stretch" in November last, after serving six months for false pretences.

On one occasion he disguised himself as a postman and, with his usual audacity, called at the railway station at Hull and "collected" a mail-bag.

His assertions that he joined the Legion in 1923 and has "just escaped" are, unfortunately, hardly borne out by his prison record—unless, of course, the Legion granted him special leave to come home to commit his crimes and serve his sentences.

The innocent girl he fleeced declares that he has never been in the Foreign Legion.

Hint to police

For a long time, while they were "walking out," he took her money, and it was not until he disappeared from his office one day that she discovered that what she had thought was a romance was a sordid plot on the part of the gay "Legionaire."

The police, we hope, will keep a wary eye on this glib-tongued liar and protect the public from any further acquaintance with his amazing imagination.

A Phantom Builder

Plausible Mr. Perks

THOSE engaged in the building industry should be on their guard against a brilliant impostor whose stories are about as tall as the buildings he bluffingly pretends to be interested in.

He has appeared in many parts of the country carrying out a systematic campaign of fraud.

His name is John Perks, but he is far from perky in appearance, for he is a tall man and slightly corpulent, with a large, sallow face and bright grey, protruding eyes that, once seen, are rarely forgotten.

Impressive offer

Very well-dressed and excellently groomed on all occasions, Mr. Perks is clever enough not to swindle on too large a scale, though at Coventry recently he got away with over £80.

A typical example of his exploits comes from Warrington. Here he entered the office of a haulage contractor and, with a great show of assumed importance, stated that he desired a quotation of prices for some speedy haulage work to be undertaken locally.

Mr. Perks introduced himself as managing-director of a firm of Metropolitan builders, named Lang and Co., Ltd., of Oxford Street, London, which, he said, had just secured a contract, running into colossal figures, for the erection at Paddington and Warrington of no fewer than 450 modern houses.

There was need for speed, and Mr. Perks said he wanted the price quotations without delay.

The quotations were forthcoming, and Mr. Perks was so delighted that he asked for an agreement to be prepared, adding that he would see that it was confirmed at once.

Having greatly impressed the Warrington contractor, who anticipated at least two years' work, Mr. Perks departed, having asked for the agreement, when drafted, to be sent to the Oxford Street Office, to which he was returning.

Sorry sequel

A few minutes later he was back again and, with a careless shrug of the shoulders, laughingly explained that, in his haste to get things settled, he had overlooked the fact that he had run short of cash.

Would the contractor oblige by cashing a small cheque?

The other obliged, and is to-day the poorer by £10. So are many others who have been imposed upon in the same way.

The truth is that Perks, who has a string of aliases including those of "Jack Davies" and "Jack Evans," is not a builder at all. He is not even a managing-director. Nor does the firm of Lang and Co. exist except in the fertile imagination of this inimitable impostor.

Traders should beware of the man with the bulging eyes.

A REAL FRUITY FRAUD

Lemon—and a Dash!

THERE recently appeared in a journal devoted to amusement matters, an advertisement to the effect that a certain London firm was willing to supply "fruit" gaming machines at a price much below that usually prevailing.

A reader, who keeps a small restaurant in Leeds, replied, and, in response, was written to by a gentleman styling himself Mr. Frank Harvey, amusement contractor.

Mr. Harvey stated that he had for sale several perfectly modern machines. They were to be obtained at the ridiculously low price of twelve guineas each.

Other letters followed. Each and all of them were impressive and descriptive. The virtues of the machines and the generosity of the offer were, in turn, extolled.

A tempting bait

If Mr. Harvey could be believed, the Leeds gentleman was in the position of being able to make the bargain of a life-time.

Eventually, persuaded by the eloquence of the letters and by the apparent sincerity of the offer, he despatched to Mr. Harvey an order for four of the machines at the price stated, enclosing a cheque for more than £50 to cover cost and carriage.

His letter and cheque were duly acknowledged and, at the same time, Mr. Harvey took the opportunity of intimating that he would be pleased to sell two further machines at an even cheaper rate. In fact, all that he wanted for them was eleven guineas each.

Convinced that he had struck a tremendous bargain, the Leeds man forwarded another £22. He requested, at the same time, that all of the goods purchased should be forwarded to him without delay.

Nothing happened. The days passed and the Leeds man became anxious. He became worried. And then he became suspicious.

Vexatious delays

He wrote complaining to Mr. Harvey that more than sufficient time for the delivery of the machines had elapsed, and what was Mr. Harvey going to do about it.

In reply, Harvey wired to the effect that he had arranged for the complete consignment to be despatched "next day."

"Next day" came—and next week, too. And still no machines arrived.

Having sent nearly £80 to Harvey for a bargain that began to assume the proportions of a one-sided one, he sent further letters, both of appeal and demand. They were ignored.

And then, somewhat belatedly, he commenced to make enquiries, with the most disquieting results. He discovered that he had fallen into the hands of a rogue.

The dates involved in the transaction are of importance.

The second cheque from the Leeds man was sent on December 29. The advertisement appeared on December 10.

And yet the office to which replies to the advertisement were to be sent was only taken on December 10 Apparently, the crafty Mr. Harvey laid his bait in happy anticipation.

His "office" was at No. 1, New Oxford Street. Describing himself as a dealer (not as an "amusement contractor") he engaged a basement office at this address, on the date mentioned, for use as a store room.

The "office" was furnished with a table and a chair, but beyond these articles there was nothing to suggest a flourishing business.

The term "store-room" had, in fact, no justification whatever.

There was not the slightest suggestion of a "fruit" machine. There was not even a cog-wheel to be seen.

But it was a real fruity fraud. For Mr. Harvey proved himself a lemon-and-dash. Within three weeks of taking up his tenancy he dashed all right—complete with cheques.

Numerous victims

The Leeds gentleman, we regret to state, is only one of the many who have been swindled by this fly-by-night.

Numerous other small traders have been victimised, some for even larger sums, and others for as little, comparatively, as twelve guineas.

The fact remains, however, that during his brief tenancy of this office at No. 1, New Oxford Street, this subtle crook reaped a rich harvest.

This is not the first time that this particular address has been misused.

On one occasion, when spurious coins were being circulated in the New Oxford Street area, the police were able to trace their origin to a temporary office at this address.

A surprise raid, efficiently carried out at a carefully selected hour, resulted in the culprit being caught red-handed on the spot.

In his possession were found counterfeit coins, and in the office, which he rented for a far more legitimate purpose, were found secreted all the moulds and machinery necessary for the execution of his criminal "profession."

Superintendent Savage, of Scotland Yard, who would add to his enviable reputation, if he could find some means of combating "Long Distance" postal ramps of the kind here exposed

Careless landlord

It would seem that the landlord of these premises, a Mr. Jacob Mendelson, is not too exacting about references when accepting new tenants, and readers should therefore beware of this "accommodation" address.

In view of these circumstances Mr. Mendelson must in future ensure that his tenants are above reproach.

FAMOUS AUTHOR'S SCANDALOUS BOOK

Chapter Two of the Shame Epic

IN a recent issue we called attention to the fact that a book of indescribable depravity, written by a British author and printed in Italy, was being imported into this country and was being sold more or less openly by some of the leading booksellers in London.

The book which formed the subject of our article was entitled "Lady Chatterley's Lover." It was written by D. H. Lawrence, one of the outstanding figures among contemporary British writers.

Costly filth

It was not a cheap book. The published price, we understand, was 30 guineas, but, even so, our enquiries at the booksellers proved that as much as twelve guineas was being asked.

From this it will be gathered that the collection of pornographic literature cannot possibly be a poor man's one.

The "smut-hounds," to use a phrase applied by a leading publisher, usually have well-lined purses.

The next stage in the history of Mr. Lawrence's effusion is interesting, and a little melancholy for Mr. Lawrence.

Over in America an enterprising publisher secured a copy of the book. He decided that there was money in it.

Cunning piracy

But he did not wish to go to the trouble, expense and risk of having it set up in type. He conceived the bright idea of having each page photographed on plates by a simple and familiar process. Copies of the book have been printed from these plates.

His imprint is thoughtfully omitted from the title-page, not, we suppose, from any coy modesty on his part, but to serve the dual purpose of preserving his identity from the American law and from Mr. Lawrence, who might want to know where he came in on the proceeds of the sales of this pirated filth.

The next step is the dumping in large quantities of the objectionable book on our hospitable shores.

Scores of copies of this pirated edition are on sale in London. They are carried here, we understand, by stewards on a famous American passenger line, several of whom are acting as this bogus publisher's agents.

Mr. Lawrence's friends in London lost no time in letting him know of the presence of these stolen prints of his masterpiece, and it now appears that the printers of the original work have been commissioned for further copies and a second edition has been run off.

This also has been landed here and is on sale in London in various bookshops.

Sleeping Customs

Both the American and the Italian printed editions have been brought into this country under the noses of the Customs officials. They are now being peddled at enormous profits as the selling prices are in the neighbourhood of six guineas for either of these two editions.

If it were only to prevent the moneyed "smut-hounds" from wallowing in their mire, we should not raise a finger nor write a word on this nauseating subject.

But there is another side to this question. An English publisher who prints such a work and sells the same to the general public is liable to penalties, as a recent law case proved, whatever witnesses he might bring to prove the loftiness of purpose and ideals of the book.

Stop the traffic

But as things stand there seems to be nothing to prevent foreign countries printing and dumping unimaginable filth upon our book marts for the delectation of wealthy dirt-hunters and to the great profit of those who pander to them.

Both classes serve to bring the cause of literature into the gutter, and we repeat that our responsible officials would do well to tighten their control over the channels of entry into this country of all such trash.

JOLLY ROGERS, *the* SHAMPOO PIRATE

A Beauty King on the Bounce

Mr. G. Russell Chapman, Secretary of the Vigilance Committee of the Advertising Association, which is waging active warfare against all dubious advertisers

THIS is the story of Pat Rogers. Complete with a handsome gold watch and chain and gold rings. It is also, for the moment, complete with the gold Pat has been making out of the public.

Pat Rogers makes a lot of money, and he doesn't mind admitting it.

He has even had the presumption to register at Somerset House. He likes to see a facsimile of his signature on his wares.

And, being a man of the world, Pat deals with the things of the world. He knows there is such a thing as vanity and he accordingly plays upon it.

That was why he became a toilet Cheap Jack. For men must shave and women must shampoo, thought Pat.

So he went his merry, thoughtful way and gave the public what the public wanted. All of it looked very nice in packets—but it was very nasty in practice!

His most recent adventure is the Palmina Soap Co., Ltd., of Salmen Street, South Grove, Bow, which began operations in June of last year.

We have seen some of the products sold by this firm, and we wonder what purchasers thought of them after they had opened the elegant packings and sampled the contents.

There is a 3s. packet of shampoo powders that smells like a stage dressing-room at dawn and looks like an envelope full of brick-dust. We are not surprised at the offer of a free hair-brush and comb if you send another 3s.

Froth and bubble

There is a 2s. tube of tooth paste that we should not particularly like to use, and a 1s. 6d. tube of Palm and Olive shaving cream that froths and bubbles liked mixed washing soap and water.

Finally, there is a 2s. box of talcum powder, the contents of which smell nicer than they look.

Now the total cost of these "luxuries" is 8s. 6d. And yet the Palmina Soap Company, Ltd., is willing to send you the whole lot for 2s. 6d. with a lever self-filling fountain pen—fitted with 9 ct. solid gold nib and gold-plated band and clip—in addition!

This, of course, is done as an advertisement, and only one gift is sent to each address. We are certain that no one at any address would ask for another.

Curious razor blades

Another of Mr. Roger's offers is a little packet labelled "Special advertising price 6½d. This contains a tube of his 1s. 6d. shaving cream, a small packet of his noxious talcum powder and six "Gillette pattern razor blades."

The razor blades are unique. There is no name on them. And there is no edge on them. So blunt are they that they can be drawn across the hand with impunity.

But this is a detail to Mr. Rogers, for on the packet is the notice: "These blades should be sharpened and honed before use."

The Palmina Soap Co. has apparently no hesitation in making full use of distorted versions of the names of such reputable and famous commodities as Palm Olive Soap and Gillette blades.

At one time Rogers was brought severely to book by the Pepsodent company for hawking a tooth paste styled "pepsomint," but he is always able to find new worlds to conquer, and new words with which to label his commodities.

We have gone to considerable trouble to elicit the true facts of Mr. Rogers' career as a beauty king, and we find ourselves in a maze of names and addresses.

At one time he was operating from Gooch Street, Birmingham.

From the Patricia Manufacturing Co., of which he was apparently the chief, you could obtain for a 2s. postal-order a row of solid Oriental pearls, three "Dawn of Love" shampoos, three "Patricia" shampoos and a 2s. tube of "Pyminta" tooth paste!

Widespread net

Mr. Rogers "tickled" many at Plymouth with his offer of 12s. 6d. worth of goods for 2s., and throughout the country generally he has doubtless been making money "hand-over-fist."

Salmen Street, Bow, where his present headquarters are situated, is a cul-de-sac not far from Mile End Station.

Mr. Rogers' premises consist of a dingy-looking building of the small warehouse type, over which the name of the concern is printed in bold lettering.

The audacity of Rogers knows no limit. He even went so far on one occasion as to advertise in a well-known religious weekly.

In the columns of this journal he made a "huge advertising offer," offering a variety of "valuable" toilet articles at a ridiculous but tempting price.

The fact that his advertisements ring true is another proof of the versatility of this enterprising fellow.

We might almost praise him for his uncanny knack of seizing upon the most vulnerable points of personal vanity and utilising them to his own advantage.

Not a single one of his announcements lacks that direct, human appeal that matters so much in this something-for-nothing, I-ought-to-have-this world of to-day.

Same old dodge

To mention but two other of the concerns by means of which Rogers has saddled the public with trash, there were the Patricia Manufacturing Co., and the 1927 Products Co.

In every instance he has resorted to the same old dodge of offering the public "gifts."

In appearance Rogers is a prosperous-looking man. He breathes prosperity from his gold rings to his gold watch and chain. He is a plausible Cheap Jack—and for reasons which will be obvious, he rarely stays for long in one place.

But unless he is very careful this Cheap-Jack soap king will probably find himself in as hot water as many have used to make his soap lather!

HOUNDED *to* DISASTER

Hard Hearts on Wooden Benches

WE wonder whether the members of the Parish Council of Hawarden, near Chester, can sleep peacefully o' nights when they think of poor John Postles eating his heart out in Walton Jail, Liverpool.

Postles is not a criminal. He is an honourable ex-soldier who served all through the war with the King's Royal Rifles.

He is guilty of the "heinous" offence of being unable to pay rates and costs amounting to thirty pounds out of a paltry weekly wage of £2 3s. a week.

Callous council

He was pulled out of his bed after working all night, given one hour's grace, and then dragged from the bosom of his family.

Possibly the council, which could have averted this tragedy, has not troubled to ascertain the real tragedy of this broken hero and his wrecked home.

Perhaps, if we acquaint them with the full facts, they may muster enough humanity to ensure that he is restored to the bosom of his family and given back the job they lost for him.

The magistrates, too, who imposed the sentence of three months, have very little to be proud of. The man was in steady work, and there are other means of making a ratepayer realise his responsibilities than by sending him to jail.

True, Postles had been summoned on several occasions, but with rent to pay, food to buy, and with a sick wife and children on his hands, he was temporarily in very straitened circumstances.

Mr. John Postles

In 1925 he was compelled to leave the iron and steel works of his employers owing to the fumes affecting his chest which had suffered during the war.

From then, until early last year, when the same firm found him a job in a different capacity, the plight of the little family in their home in Hawarden Way, Mancot Way, Queen's Ferry, was terrible.

Added burdens

For some time they relied on a solitary food ticket from the Guardians and six shillings a week earned by the husband blowing an organ at the local church.

To make matters worse, Postles contracted pneumonia, his wife underwent a series of operations, the baby died, a daughter was attacked by tuberculosis and a son, who is now in hospital with a septic foot, was also stricken ill.

Now that her husband is in prison Mrs. Postle is driven almost to despair. All that she has for her sick child and herself is a 15s. food ticket weekly. She cannot afford the fare to visit her son in hospital.

The attitude of the council and the magistrates is all the more harsh when one reflects on the fact that the landlord of the house in which the family is living is quite prepared to forgive them their arrears of rent if it will help them to get straight.

Indulgent landlord

He has not pestered them in their hour of stress and feels that they are deserving of every sympathy.

Postles is a man who idolises his family. Out of his meagre wage he had either to deny his ailing family what they needed or pay the penalty.

That the penalty was prison is, we feel, a disgrace to all the authorities concerned.

BIG SWINDLE IN LADIES' CLOTHING

A Pair of Brazen Blackguards

THERE has recently been perpetrated in the very shadow of Scotland Yard one of the most impudent and audacious ompany frauds of the last few years.

We feel compelled to suggest, ithout waste of words, that the ard which, for months, has overooked the extraordinary activities n their own doorstep, should take mmediate steps to bring to justice wo of the most brazen blackguards the business world.

It was in the summer of last year hat the premises known as 183, estminster Bridge Road, began to ssume a growing importance that ggested great coming events.

The already imposing shop-front as renovated and improved. Wonerfully dressed windows glittered ith a blaze of added electric lights.

Inside, too, vast improvements had en carried out and the shopping blic gazed in awe.

Ambitious scheme

The reason for all this was that the emises had been acquired by the t word in limited companies, S. agan, Ltd., which was registered Somerset House on June 13, 1928.

The programme of the new comny was on a lavish and ambitious ale. On its face value, there was tle doubt that the firm was out to big business in a variety of ferent ways.

The business was to be both whole- and retail. They were to be rchants, brokers, dealers, and nts, and it would demand more space than is to be spared, were we to enumerate the varieties of goods and articles with which they were to concern themselves.

All kinds of soft goods, ladies' costumes, robes, gowns and dresses were to be specialities, while no other firm in London would have such a lavish and impressive stock of underwear.

Misleading references

Silks and veilings there were in profusion, textile fabrics as well. The firm were also hatters, tailors, clothiers, and outfitters.

Huge stocks were ordered from all parts of the country. Small orders, too, were broadcast, and, in a short time, the value of the goods on the premises ran into many thousands of pounds.

As an example of their dealings with provincial wholesale houses we might mention their relations with a certain Nottingham textile firm.

The references supplied by Kagan, Ltd., appeared to be excellent ones, and their order for goods to the value of hundreds of pounds was executed on the usual credit terms.

When payment was due, Kagan, Ltd., forwarded a post-dated cheque, which, when paid into the bank, was returned dishonoured.

Similar experiences have befallen numerous other firms who were favoured with orders from Kagan, Ltd.

Only in a few isolated cases have any of them, from that day to this, received a single penny.

Undoubtedly, if the dishonoured cheques of Kagan, Ltd., could be gathered together, the result would be a very depressing bundle of waste paper.

The reader may wonder what has happened to the huge stock of goods that were laid in at the Westminster Bridge Road premises during the six months that have ensued since Kagan, Ltd., began operations.

We have made it our business to find out. While a number of "bargains" were discreetly sold over the counters in order to avert suspicion, the bulk was carefully stored away in a small warehouse at the rear of the premises, and, from time to time, despatched to mysterious destinations.

Moonlight get-away

Such criminal proceedings could not continue without ultimate discovery. Realising that it was unsafe to continue any longer, those behind the business took speedy steps to "close down."

At a late hour one evening, a lorry, followed by a small fleet of taxi-cabs, drew up outside the premises. The vehicles were quickly loaded with the remaining stock, and then drove away under "secret orders."

Whose brains were behind this piece of audacious graft? Those of two young Russian Jews, Philip Rogoff, alias Philip Rugoff, and Max Rogowy, alias Max Rogoff.

The former is one of the craftiest crooks in the commercial world of this country, and, although only

Mr. Charles Hawkins, President of the Association for the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading, who will doubtless be interested in this exposure.

thirty years of age, has, for years been associated with various concerns of ill-repute.

Less than a year before he launched this latest venture, we took upon ourselves the responsibility of exposing his exploits and demanding his deportation.

That he was allowed to resume his career of crime right under the nose of Scotland Yard, after our denunciation, and then to disappear completely, fills us with amazement.

By the time the police had got on his track, the shop was bolted and barred.

Detectives were compelled to force their way into the premises, only to find that all the stocks had vanished.

This is undoubtedly a matter that demands the immediate attention of the Public Prosecutor who, we trust, will not delay in ordering the speedy arrest of these two impudent rascals.

LOOK OUT FOR LAURA!

Theatrical Pitfalls

O long as people like Laura Griffiths are allowed to play fast and loose in the theatrical profession, there are bound to tales of stranded players, unpaid aries and abused landladies.

Laura Griffiths appears to have a contempt for the Theatrical ployers Registration Act.

She appears to think that she can a touring company as she likes, en she likes and where she likes. d pay what she likes.

After playing for five weeks at the ctric Theatre, Grassmoor, six istes, who are in this woman's npany, recently finished up with y ten shillings each to draw in pect of their salaries.

Sorry stories

One member of the company orms us that only on one occasion re she and his wife paid their per salaries, and then only after y had made a personal appeal and rted pressure.

Other artistes have similar sorry s to tell.

One man who was engaged at a salary of £2 10s. a week has over £3 owing to him. Most of the artistes were unable to pay their landladies.

It is useless for Laura to argue that business was "disastrous." The police have satisfied themselves that business was good enough to warrant her meeting her liabilities.

Others beware

We are glad, however, to note that Laura has been brought before the Chesterfield magistrates and fined and rebuked for running a company without being registered.

We trust that in future her arrival in any other town will be greeted with the suspicion it warrants.

It behoves theatres to confirm the fact that managers or proprietors of touring shows are properly registered.

Artistes, too, who are not paid their proper salaries should remember that this is a distinct breach of contract and that they are within their rights in refusing to perform.

In this way only can the touring players be assured of the straight deal to which they are entitled.

MOUSE-TRAPS FOR MUGS

Hoaxing the House-hunters

THIS is an example of how estate agents ought not to conduct business and also, we trust, sufficient warning to house-hunters how not to hunt.

A gentleman from Tulse Hill, S.W., replied to an advertisement which gave particulars of unfurnished quarters where there was no objection to children.

He received by return of post a letter from the firm of Alexandra and Co., of 32, Victoria Street, S.W.1, offering its services for ten shillings, which would be refunded if the firm was allowed to arrange for the removal of his furniture.

Ten shilling fee

He called at the offices of the firm, paid his ten shillings, and was given a list of three addresses.

At the first two he was informed that they did not take children, and also that he was not the first caller from Messrs. Alexandra and Co.! At the third address he was likewise informed that they did not take children.

The following day the house-hunter returned to the offices of the firm, recounted what had occurred, and asked for other addresses. He was informed that these would be sent to him through the post.

He pointed out that this was wasting his time, and, when he was again refused addresses on the spot, he said that he would like his money back. This was refused him.

Careful conditions

We note that Alexandra and Co. is careful to state that "the payment of the ten shillings is not demanded or accepted in respect of any specific vacancy, but is understood to cover all services until the applicant has been suited.

"No part of the subscription can be returned. The agent will not be held liable for any loss or expense incurred should any vacancy introduced be already let."

These carefully framed conditions are printed on the firm's receipt, which, of course, the client does not get until he has paid his ten shillings!

Of course, reputable agents will furnish addresses free of charge.

SHAVING COMFORT

Shaving Comfort depends upon a fair deal between the razor, the brush and the soap. You attend to your razor by stropping it, you renew your brush as soon as ever that is necessary, and, in order to complete the perfect shave, you must use a shaving soap which has been specially prepared, and which is guaranteed to give a free, foamy lather without in any way injuring the skin. Next time use

Old English Lavender SHAVING STICK 1/3 Refills 1/-

Obtainable from all Branches of

The Boots Chemists

OVER 800 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

Why have corns?

"You could see the corns through the shoes—now they are gone, thanks to Radox." After only two Radox footbaths these dreadful corns could be picked out, root and all, with the fingers. It is as simple as that with Radox. Regular footbaths will release the worst of corns from your feet. Read this letter:—

"For the last five years I have suffered dreadfully from corns and segs at the bottom of my feet. I came across Radox Bath Salts, and the first time I used them it eased the corns, and after soaking my feet again, two days afterwards, I was able to pick the corns right out with my fingers. I had also one corn on each little toe and you could see the shape of the corns through my shoes, but now you cannot see them at all. The corns at the bottom of my feet were so sore I was afraid to walk, but now Radox has altered all that, and my feet are eased in every way and it is a joy to walk on them. I bathe the feet in Radox twice a week and it keeps them entirely free from corns."

12th Dec., 1928. *Mrs. M. C., Pendleton.*

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

Your chemist can supply Radox Bath Salts, price 1/6. Double quantity 2/6. Insist on the pink packet. Refuse any substitute.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

"Give your feet that Kruschen Feeling."

BLANKETS GIVEN AWAY

OUR NEW YEAR GIFT.

In 1929 we continue our leadership in giving supreme Bedding Value. As a New Year Gift one pair of full-size ENGLISH-MADE WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS is being given FREE with every Monster Bedding Sale, IN ADDITION to the pair included in the sale, so do not miss this opportunity, but send at once and avoid disappointment. Satisfaction or money refunded.

ONE Art DOWN QUILT (in good quality Sateen cover and panels).
PAIR of ENGLISH-MADE WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, whipped and bordered.
PAIR of FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.
PAIR of PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
ONE lovely ALHAMBRA QUILT, in all newest colourings and designs.
ONE splendid STRIPED BED TICK.
PAIR of long NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, or TWO PAIRS of lovely CASEMENT CURTAINS.
ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.
All Bedding for full-size double beds.

EXTRA GIFT of this charming CLOCK, suitable for any room if full cash sent with order.

This Sale may be secured on 10/- deposit: balance monthly.
Treasury Notes should be registered.

L. & C. MOSS (Dept. 20)
Stevenson Square, MANCHESTER.

40/- Carriage Paid. **Free**

ALL BRITISH MADE BEDDING.

Mead Gramophone's at FACTORY Prices

2/6 DOWN

For the trifling deposit of 2/6 you can have your choice of a genuine Mead Exterior Horn model Hornless Table Grand or a beautiful mahogany finish No. 807 Cabinet Gramophone, and you HAVE NOTHING MORE TO PAY FOR ONE MONTH. Packed Free and Carriage Paid anywhere in Great Britain.

10 days' Free Trial. Money refunded in full if dissatisfied. There is a Mead Gramophone to suit your taste at a price to suit your pocket. **Light Portables from 35/- Cash.** Write NOW for new illustrated Catalogue.

2/6 NOW No. 807

MEAD LTD. (Dept. G10), Birmingham.

No 807

Cuticura

Soap • Ointment • Talcum • Shaving Stick

Unsurpassed in quality of the materials which enter into them and in the service they have rendered for the past fifty years. The choice of those who desire the best for preserving and beautifying the skin and hair.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d.

For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 2d.

A FIRST PAYMENT OF 14/- BRINGS A NEW AND NEVER ENDING INTEREST INTO YOUR HOME.

A 6ft. Riley "Home" Billiard Table to rest on your dining table (Cash Price £11 15 0). Test one for 7 days. Balance paid monthly. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables can also be had on easy payment terms. The cash prices range from £22 10 0. Rileys are also the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates sent free.

Here are the prices for Riley's "Home" Billiard Tables:

6ft. 6in. x 3ft. 6in.	..	..	..	..	£7	0	0
8ft. 6in. x 4ft. 10in.	..	..	..	..	£9	0	0
9ft. 6in. x 5ft. 6in.	..	..	..	..	£11	15	0
7ft. 6in. x 3ft. 10in.	..	..	..	..	£15	0	0
9ft. 6in. x 4ft. 6in.	..	..	..	..	£21	10	0

Or in 18 monthly payments of 6/6, 11/-, 14/-, 18/-, 25/-.

and at Dept. 6, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, carriage paid and transit risks taken. Write to-day for Free Art List.

E. J. RILEY LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

BORN UNDER THE PAVEMENT

Underground Dens of Disease

by Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON

IN the year 1924 the Medical Officer of Health for Westminster issued a Report on the underground homes in the area. He found that two thousand basement dwellings existed "at or below the level of the street."

These housed families of from two to four and, in some cases, seven persons. No further report has been issued since that date—but the cellar city still remains.

It is very difficult to get a lodging "at or below the level of the street" in Westminster. There is hardly an inch of spare living room to be found.

You must search long and diligently for the privilege of paying rent for a cellar.

I tried hard to find a lodging. In my search I discovered many cases where a family herded in one room.

Artificial light has to be burnt all day, and arrangements for cooking and washing and the general decencies of life are totally inadequate.

Under the shadow of Big Ben, within a stone's-throw from Westminster Abbey, in sight and hearing of the Houses of Parliament, you find this cellar city.

In the day-time you pass these dwellings unawares. At night-time, when the light shines up through the pavement, you get an idea of the subterranean life that ebbs and flows under our streets.

Damp dwellings

The grey mist was rising from the river as I walked down Horseferry Road. Some of the houses here have decent basements, only just below street level.

The conditions even here are not good for children or for adults, but they are splendid as compared with what I found quite close at hand.

The top of a window, level with a grating, caught my eye. There were sounds of voices and a gas-jet burnt dimly.

A young girl of fifteen answered my knock. Was there any chance of a lodging? She went to ask her mother and I followed her down.

The room was clean but smelt damp and close. There were four beds, a big table and some chairs.

Two small children were asleep in one bed. A grown-up son had another, while the remaining two were reserved for father and mother and the daughter.

There was a bright fire in the tumbledown grate and the odour of recent cooking lingered in the air.

The woman was tired and harassed but she greeted me kindly. No, there wasn't a corner to be had. They were lucky in getting this place, though day after day she was hoping for something better.

Fifteen shillings a week was the rent she paid, and what life must be in these conditions it is almost impossible to imagine.

Her husband was in work and they would have been only too pleased to pay a pound a week for a place where the children could have light and air.

Consider the plight of the children. In some of the cellars conditions are so bad that the parents dare not risk their children's health. What are they to do? Think of the poor anxious mothers who have to choose between parting with their little ones or seeing them literally fade before their eyes.

Pathetic exodus

You will find every evening little groups of kiddies going over Westminster Bridge to their aunts, or cousins or friends in South London.

The congestion there is pretty bad, but room is found in a dry corner for a small boy or girl. In the morning the kiddies go back again.

And so the nightly migration goes on to the disunion of family life.

In many cases it is impossible for people to arrange for their children to sleep away. Very often this means the entire separation of a household.

Stricken family

I found a cellar off Tufton Street with a tragic little history.

A united family had lived there—father, mother, two boys and a girl. Now only the parents are left.

Disaster followed disaster. The girl fell ill first with a cold, and then pneumonia followed, caused by the indescribable dampness of the place. There was no accommodation to nurse her so she was taken to the hospital, where she died.

Soon after this the two boys began to ail. The distracted mother realised that she could not rear them in her cellar home.

There was a despairing search for better accommodation, but the search was vain, and in default of saving them in any other way she got the two boys into a home.

The man has made every effort to get a home where he can have his children, but nothing can be found.

Appalling births

It is a grim cellar where they live. The damp rises round the window and by the door, and there is a desolate sound of dripping water from a leaky pipe outside.

In these subterranean dwellings babies are born in circumstances gravely prejudicial to chances of both mother and child.

With the marvellous patience of the poor, an expectant mother in a cellar dwelling will do everything possible to have the place decent and comfortable.

Indeed it is amazing how in the most miserable surroundings the suggestion of a home can be effected. But that a child should have to be born under the pavement is a reflection on every thinking man and woman.

In Romney Street the cellar habitations were washed out by the recent floods. They must have been ghastly places in which to eat and sleep and bring up children.

It is bad enough to have to house a family in one room where you have light and air and sunshine, but to be condemned to an existence where only a chink of God's day can come in is to impose a burden crushing in its injustice.

Tragic perambulator

The so-called basement dwellings, half below street level, are often very little better. They are damp, infested with rats, filled with the smell of decay, almost of death. And for this accommodation people pay from 12s. to 16s. every week.

I paused outside a house not far from the London Power House. It was a soaking evening and the streets were all deserted.

But a pathetic object held my eyes. It was a child's perambulator, standing empty in the wet, covered by a bit of sacking.

From under my feet came a child's cry. It was the baby owner of the pram, who had gone to bed in the cellar. There wasn't an inch of space so the perambulator had to stand outside, getting soaked and ruined.

The people who lived there are not poor. The man is earning a decent living wage, but though he move heaven and earth, he cannot find a Christian home to live in.

And so we have not one but many babies who pass from the damp cellar by night to a damp pram by day, and this in face of all that their mothers strive to do for their benefit.

Major V. B. Rogers, D.S.O., M.C., Mayor of the City of Westminster, where a large cellar colony is to be found

Is there anything more dreadful than to have to see your children gradually sicken before your eyes, not from hunger nor want, or from neglect, but because in this great city hundreds of parents are obliged to pay rent for holes in which no man would stable his horse or kennel his dog?

What is the remedy for this deplorable state of things? To condemn the cellar basement off hand would be to dispossess hundreds of unfortunate people.

A remedy wanted

There is, however, a remedy which, if official bodies did their duty, would mitigate conditions.

Under the Housing Act of 1925 it is laid down that any dwelling at a rental of £40, or under, shall be inspected by the M.O.H. or his servants and that, where it is found unfit for human habitation, the landlord shall be compelled to put it into proper repair.

Were this policy pursued, the basement homes of Westminster and Pimlico, though still shut out from the daylight, would be made fit for occupation.

That this can be done on an economic basis is shown by the reconstruction of 60, Claverton Street, by the Westminster Housing Association.

Laudable effort

The house has been entirely reconstructed and repaired. The basement, consisting of two large rooms and a kitchen, with proper washing accommodation and cooking stove, is let for 16s. a week, the other floors in proportion.

If public bodies did their duty such reconstruction would take place in all slum areas.

Meanwhile, young children sleep in damp, ill-ventilated places or are sent elsewhere for the night. Men and women contract diseases of the chest and establish chronic rheumatism.

Hundreds of households are broken up, family ties are rent asunder. Yet every day and every night the cellar city of Westminster is full to overflowing.

Is it not time that this state of things should end?

OMINOUS WORDS

"IT would seem that, at the present rate of progress, it will take nearly a century before all the existing unhealthy areas in London are got rid of. The evil of the slums should be attacked on a wider front and more systematically."

Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter, Chairman, the Joint Housing Committee of the London Council of Social Service and the Mansion House Council on Health and Housing

Rheumatism?

This treatment stops the pain

If you suffer the great handicap of rheumatism — if changeable weather causes excruciating twinges of pain in joints or muscles — use Sloan's Liniment without delay. Apply gently. Instantly you notice a change. Relief quickly follows and your pain dies away.

The first application of Sloan's Liniment brings relief. No rubbing—no waiting. That is why millions of people keep Sloan's handy, ready to kill rheumatic aches and pains and give welcome relief to stiff joints and aching muscles. Get a bottle to-day—see for yourself how quickly and surely Sloan's kills pain.

Use Sloan's for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains and Muscular Pain.

Mrs. Whiteside, 14, Whitfield Lane, Kirkdale, writes:—"I have suffered from rheumatism in my shoulders for 16 years and I have spent a great deal of money in trying to get something which would ease the pain. I am grateful to say that in Sloan's Liniment I have found instant relief."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Of Chemists and Stores — 2/- and 4/- per bottle

F. HODGSON & SONS, LEEDS, "GALAXY" BLANKET BALE 21/-

8 BLANKETS 21/-

The Lot, packed free and sent on receipt of amount. Money returned in full if not fully satisfied.

2 Yorkshire Combed White Trilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well finished and edged. Extra large size 66 by 76 in.

2 Combed White Trilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well finished and edged, size 51 by 70 in.

2 Homespun Heather - Coloured Blankets, a most durable and useful blanket, size 60 by 70 in., bordered.

2 Superb Quality White Blankets, soft, warm and comfortable, 72 by 72 in. Wear guaranteed.

Offered below Wholesale Prices.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull"

On receipt of P.O. for 10s. 6d. (Carriage 1s. extra), we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brussalette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN

CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS),

F. Hodgson & Sons will send their Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Brussalette, Brussels, Axminster, Wilton, etc., Carpets and Hearthrugs, Blankets, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free to any reader of this paper.

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c. Handsomely bordered in new Turkey patterns (as Illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets, with FREE RUGS, will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

10/6

With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers & Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

FREE TO USERS OF WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

The Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap offer the following prizes, to be awarded in order, to the FIRST 84 CORRECT REPLIES to the Crossword Puzzle, OPENED AFTER THE CLOSING DATE.

1st Prize £100

3 Prizes of £50 each

10 " " £10 "

20 " " £5 "

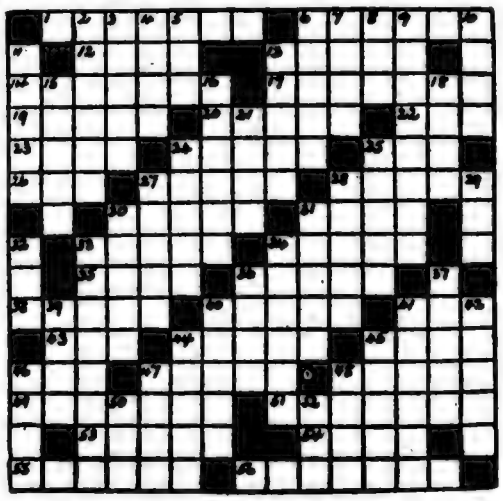
50 " " £1 "

Solutions must be accompanied by 3 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap No other enclosure to be inserted in envelope which must be marked "Crosswords," No 4, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, to reach this address not later than March 30th, 1929. It is suggested to Colonial readers to forward their replies as quickly as possible and to see that they are properly franked for postage.

Additional copies of this entry form can be obtained from your chemist or direct from "Application Form," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

In all cases the decision of the Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED. Results will be announced in "The Sunday Chronicle," April 14th, 1929, and "Daily Mail," April 15th, 1929.

CLUES



Across

1. Landed properties. 6. Obstinate. 12. Encircles head of a saint. 13. Holds the watch at the winning post. 14. When you do this, use Wright's Powder. 17. Comes into view. 19. Rescues. 20. Cords. 22. Obtained. 23. Metric areas. 24. Sometimes clear away husband's shaving tackle. 25. Before. 26. Affirmative. 27. Bet. 28. Alloy. 30. Dickens thief trainer. 31. Give notice. 33. Made of one sort of grain. 34. Wooden Shoe. 35. Confections. 36. C.T. Inhaler will relieve Hay —. 38. Healthier in mind. 40. Desires. 41. Thieves do. 43. Religious Tract Society. 44. Truths. 45. C.T. Ointment provides this for bites and stings. 46. Silent. 47. Presiding spirits. 48. Allows the use of for a time. 49. Precious stone. 51. C.T. Shampoo will — the hair. 53. Feminine name. 54. C.T. Ointment will — the pain of cuts. 55. All ians, such as these, should provide C.T. preparations. 56. C.T. Shaving Soap does so freely and lastingly.

Down

2. C.T. Shaving Soap provides the best. 3. Subdues. 4. Mountains. 5. Likewise. 6. One generally does after washing. 7. Little demons. 8. Shelter. 9. Aromatic like C.T. Shampoo Powder. 10. Mislaid. 11. Attempt. 13. Small portable light. 15. Fleet quadrupeds. 16. Source. 18. Female deer. 21. Cooking done here. 24. Reward for work. 25. Mistake. 27. Necessary for washing. 28. Little folk who should be kept very clean. 29. Bashful. 30. Wash them with C.T. Soap to preserve complexion. 31. Found in water and in some hair. 32. Donkey. 33. Put C.T. on cuts and scratches. 34. Don't let cuts become this: use Wright's Coal Tar Ointment. 36. Meeting points of rays. 37. There are many in this puzzle. 39. Kind of lily. 40. Keep all Wright's Coal Tar Preparations, thus, convenient. 41. Competitor in a race. 42. Surround. 44. Cuts down. 45. Stop. 46. Net-work. 47. Bitter as —. 48. Wife of Jacob. 50. Portuguese money. 52. Permit.

In submitting this solution I agree to all the conditions enumerated above.

NAME AND ADDRESS SHOULD BE WRITTEN HERE IN PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS.

Be sure to mark your envelope "No. 4 Crossword."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

to People who Deserve Them

The BISHOP OF LEICESTER,
Bishop's House, Leicester.

MY LORD BISHOP,—I congratulate you on entertaining at your house thirty-four Nonconformist ministers. Nothing but good can come from so wholehearted a manifestation of Christian broadmindedness and common-sense. A few more of your sort in the Church to-day would work wonders. There is no reason on earth, and certainly none in heaven, why church- and chapel-goer should not sit down and pray together on an English Sunday morning. JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANCIS CHARLES MOLSON,
Highfield Cottages, Chaddesden.

DEAR SIR,—Although your arm was seriously injured in the terrible Ashchurch railway smash, you, a guard of the express train involved, stuck to your duty and performed heroic work, climbing high on the telescoped coaches to rescue screaming passengers. So you added yet another chapter to the story of railway courage and selfless devotion to the passengers' safety. Well done, good and faithful servant! May you enjoy a speedy recovery to health and a fitting reward for your bravery! JOHN BULL.

Lady HOUSTON,
Jersey.

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—You have circularised the Press with a letter mentioning your gift of £30,000 to the miners and adding a lot of political observations and advice. You tell the miners that their misfortunes are of their own making, but that there is hope for them if they will give up their trade unions and vote for the Tories, "the Party that will give you tariff reform and no nonsense about it." Allowing for all good intentions, I must say that your advice is just £30,000 less valuable than your previous action. JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. T. BAKER,
Mayor of Southend.

MR. MAYOR,—So you have refused to appeal to your fellow-citizens on behalf of the starving miners because there is so much distress in Southend and charity begins at home. Then I wish you would see to it that Southend's destitute are properly cared for. Because of a silly wrangle, no place can be found to house the soup-boilers which, during the past five winters, have cooked thousands of hot meals for the workless. By putting your own house in order, Mr. Mayor, you would have a better excuse for not helping your neighbour. JOHN BULL.

Mr. RICHARD HIRON,
Staines, Middlesex.

DEAR DICK,—With your partner Dick Stevens, you have won the septuagenarians' dart championship of Staines, and now invite anyone over seventy in the whole country to meet you. Why not make it a world-challenge with no age limit? Other lands may have knocked our boxing heavyweights out of the ring, but, by St. George, we can guarantee to whack any of them at darts, and in their own bar-parlours! JOHN BULL.

His Majesty KING ALEXANDER,
Belgrade, Jugo-Slavia.

DEAR ALEX,—A man of your studious temperament will have noted of all the dictators in history and our own times that either they were successful *or they were not.* Have you noticed on what factors success or failure has hinged? Mussolini flourishes because he fears nothing and has brains. Kemal is successful in Turkey, because he has *prestige* as a great soldier and has vast administrative ability. You have dissolved the Jugo-Slavian National Assembly and suspended the Constitution. I hope you will be luckier than King Amanullah, another dictator with nothing but his kingship to back him. JOHN BULL.

The Rev. GEORGE H. McNEAL,
New York City, U.S.A.

DEAR SIR,—You are bound on a lecturing tour in America to raise funds for Wesley's Chapel in the City Road, London, of which you are the minister. Your chapel is the parent church of the 108,000 Methodist places of worship scattered over the face of the earth. It is the place from which John Wesley's fiery inspiration transformed Protestant Christendom. Are the many millions of Methodists so poor or so mean that they cannot make your chapel the fitting memorial that it should be? JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. SMEDLEY CROOKE, M.P.,
Hopwood, Alvechurch, Worcs.

DEAR SIR,—You have fought a stout fight on behalf of the unemployed against the Ministry of Labour, and the victory is yours. Congratulations. Owing to your agitation all employment exchanges have been informed that a workless man is entitled to perform casual work on one, two or three days and still draw unemployment benefit for the remaining days of the week. The unemployed will hail you as their champion. I join in their chorus. JOHN BULL.

Dr. F. B. WYNNE,
Medical Officer of Health for Sheffield.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have just read a grim document—your model budget, showing how a married couple and three children can best live on £3 a week. I notice that although you cut down their tea allowance to ¼ lb. at sixpence, their jam to 5½d. and their firewood and matches to 3d., you are careful to allow a shilling to pay the doctor. If any family is misguided enough to follow your advice, a shilling will not go far to pay the doctor's fees necessary to restore it to health. JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST J. WRIGHT,
Chairman Dist. Council, Newport, Salop.

DEAR MR. WRIGHT,—Doubtless yours is a prominent position in the public life of Newport (Salop), but you would have done better not to raise such an outcry over the caning of your son for smoking, and scuffling with his headmaster at the grammar school. When mature men of academic distinction find it necessary for the proper education of your son to administer discipline, you may rest assured they are acting for the best. You would have done more to make a man of Frankie by letting him take his punishment like a Shropshire lad. JOHN BULL.

Viscount ENNISMORE,
Cambridge.

DEAR MR. HARE,—Following on your abnegation of the courtesy title of Ennismore, it is announced that you intend to deposit your inheritance with a well-meaning society known as Neighbours Limited. Do you not think that by personal activities you could do more in the long run than any committee? The result of your step is, you say, that your father, Lord Listowel, has left his property elsewhere. If you reflect that to decline the power to do at least some of the things you talk about looks like shirking the responsibility, your father's action will not surprise you. JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALFRED STANLEY NORMAN,
Summer's Lane, Finchley.

DEAR ALFRED,—When you played Peeping Tom and tried to watch a girl undressing, you counted without her male friends, who chased you, rough-and-tumbled you and gave you over to the police. Unfortunately, the magistrates at Highgate could not convict you, as your dirty offence is unknown to the law. I wish an Act were passed to send prurient spies like yourself to jail without any option of a fine. But I dare say Finchley will "rub it in." JOHN BULL.

His Grace the Duke of WESTMINSTER,
Bourdon House, Davies Street, W.

YOUR GRACE,—I am delighted to learn that with the Westminster City Council you are preparing to clear four acres of foul slums near Lambeth Bridge. This is the property where men and women were trapped and drowned in cellar bedrooms during the disastrous Thames floods. To facilitate the removal of this plague-spot from the richest city of Britain, you are making considerable financial sacrifices. Perhaps your action has shamed the City of Westminster to bear its part in a sanitary duty so long neglected? Not every action in your crowded life has impressed me favourably; but "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and yours is charity of the best kind. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL:—"We have let ourselves be hypnotised by the work of our hands."

Then it's time we got unhypnotised by the work of our heads.

• • •

LORD COTTESLOE:—"In these days one gets education from one's own children, who are very kindly and friendly instructors."

We don't seem to profit much by it.

• • •

DEAN INGE:—"It is not easy for Catholics and Protestants to lie in the same bed unless both are asleep."

Un-Christian. Mutual tolerance and respect for one another's feelings would keep any number of religious sects from quarrelling.

• • •

MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.:—"While people are always talking of the possibilities of war they will get war."

That's why we always stress the possibilities of peace.

Pleasing Players

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

N.C.C.576

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

AN INFAMOUS COMPANY PROMOTING TRICK

Strange Happenings in the Financial World

WITHIN a week Parliament will reassemble again and, among other things, the Companies Act will continue its tortuous way through Committee.

We are especially interested in this measure, for, single-handed, we have fought for years for its thorough revision and strengthening.

Our pages have been filled with story after story of the way rogues have openly flouted its provisions, to the distress of the investing public.

We have shown scores of times, notably in the case of the notorious Henry Allen Ashton and his precious London Financial Service, how, within its very protection, swindling can be practised with impunity.

A good many of our points will be met when the new Companies Act is on the Statute Book, but we have recently unearthed a new company trick that merits the instant attention of Parliament.

It wants stopping now, before the success of the ramp encourages hundreds of imitators.

THE company promoter, unless he is upright and honourable, is a wily gentleman. He has just found that what infallibly draws money from the investors' pockets is to give the impression that the success of a new company is ensured from the start.

He has discovered that he can accomplish this by announcing in the prospectus that a contract to take the whole of its output, at a highly profitable price, has already been secured.

The name of the contracting company is sometimes, though not always, given. But the public is not informed what its capital is, how long it has been in existence, or whether the contract contains any clause (as to date of delivery, for instance) under which it might be possible for it to escape from its obligations.

The average investor naturally feels that, the output having already been profitably disposed of, the success of the enterprise is assured, taking it for granted that he can rely upon the directors not to have entered into a contract which would not be carried out.

Unfortunately, however, experience has shown that no such reliance can be placed upon company directors, and that such "contracts" must in future be viewed with deep suspicion.

WE know of one company that obtained over half a million pounds from the public on the strength of a statement in the prospectus that its output had already been contracted for, for several years ahead.

Then, only a few months ago, it calmly informed its shareholders at its annual meeting that, as compliance with the terms of this contract would have interfered with its activities in other directions, it had "acquired control" of the concern with which it had been made.

In other words, having induced the public to put up £500,000 on the strength of the value of this "sales" agreement, the directors had the audacity to tell their shareholders that the contract wouldn't be carried out!

Was it ever anything more than a trap? We doubt it. We have every reason to believe that the company which contracted to take the entire output of the parent company was a mere dummy affair set up to gull the public.

The ease with which the trick was worked and the success that attended it soon inspired an imitator. It was worked again by another company—and again hundreds of thousands of pounds was raked in.

We draw the attention of the President of the Board of Trade to this matter with all the emphasis at our command.

The time to stop this sort of trickery is now.

Members of the Government are taking advantage of the recess to consider their General Election programmes

The Rt. Hon. Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade

ACT NOW!

THE recent railway disaster at Ashchurch, Gloucester, has brought the question of safety on British railways to a point that can no longer be ignored.

It is not good enough. There must be a reason for all these disasters, and the reason must be discovered and remedied.

Our own opinion, which we stated with emphasis after the Charfield smash, is that most of, if not all, these disasters could not have occurred had there been in operation on the railways some form of automatic control such as the London Underground uses with such startling success.

Sir John Pringle's report into the causes of the railway accident at Darlington states bluntly that this accident "is clearly one" which some system of automatic train control would have prevented.

Since this is so, the Government has a clear duty—to insist that some system of automatic train control is compulsorily applied to all lines without delay.

There are such systems available, as we ourselves have shown, and delay is simply criminal negligence.

The Human Machine

CHESTS OUT!

WHEN you go around in the world hold your head up!

There is nothing to be gained by thinking you are not as good as the next man.

People who think they are only fit for other people's contempt will always get contempt. That is the way of the world.

People who are respected are the people who expect respect.

"I am as good as the next man—and a damn sight better," said an Irishman! It may have been Irish, but it was very good sense.

It is the attitude of mind that will always cause a man to hold up his head, throw out his chest and look the world in the face unafraid and unashamed.

Remember you are a man—not a worm. If you behave like a worm don't be surprised if you are trodden on!

THE NOOSE OF NEMESIS

Ten Years' Tangle

by A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M. P., Prime Minister, whose appeal to employers to relieve him of the unemployment problem has been practically fruitless

MR. BALDWIN, Lord Weir and other eminent persons have been saying comfortable words about the national outlook for the New Year.

I have no disposition to throw cold water on their optimism. In many respects there is ground for cheerfulness. Things are picking up in many directions. Shipbuilding is better.

There are signs of an awakening in the iron and steel trade. There is reason to think that coal has touched bottom and that an upward movement has begun. Cotton—no, I see no symptoms yet that cotton is on the upgrade.

But against this hope, there is that obstinate barometer of unemployment.

The figures issued by the Ministry of Labour last week were the worst since the year of the General Strike. They showed that the unemployed at the beginning of the New Year exceeded a million and a half, or nearly two hundred thousand more than a year ago.

Coal the keystone

Many industries contribute their quota to this depressing sum, but the core of the disease is coal. The structure of British industry was built up on coal.

Take away the collapse in this keystone industry, and the unemployment problem would disappear, except perhaps in the cotton trade whose depression is due to external causes.

Apart from the coal incubus, the circumstances of trade have substantially improved. The world currencies have become stabilised, and as they have become stabilised the disparity between ourselves and our competitors has disappeared.

Our prices are tending to fall; the prices of our rivals are tending to rise. The result is that markets we lost in the General Strike year are slowly being recovered, not only in South America but even on the Continent.

The wages level of the Continent is, of course, still below ours, but it is rising.

A separate problem

I repeat that, except in regard to coal, there is nothing in the situation that should cause us serious concern. Get coal right and all is right.

I do not mean by this that there would not still be a surplus of unemployed, mainly in the coal trade, which has to be dealt with.

It is generally agreed that, even with the fullest recovery we can hope for in coal, there will remain a couple of hundred thousand miners who will never be employed in the trade again.

But this is a separate problem. It cannot be solved by charity, or the dole, or by voluntary effort. Mr. Baldwin has made his appeal to the employers of the country to take the burden off his back, and the appeal has been practically fruitless.

I dislike State interference in these matters as much as anybody. But the State is involved in any case. It is the public funds, national and local, which are already keeping the unemployed.

It is keeping them in existence at vast cost—in idleness, in conditions that offer no hope, in circumstances that make for the permanent deterioration of the human material.

Would it not be far better, as well as in the long run far cheaper, for a great scheme of reproductive public works to be devised to absorb this surplus labour? There are many such works which are clamouring to be done.

The Channel Tunnel is one of them. A great system of arterial roads, which would transform the whole transport of the country in the light of the motor revolution, is another.

Jobs waiting

It is calculated that this alone would absorb 50,000 men. It would take them off the dole, make them self-respecting wage earners and leave the country richer with a great national asset.

But this, I repeat, is an issue apart. The problem of restoring prosperity to the coal trade as the key to restoring prosperity to industry generally remains. This problem cannot be solved by the State alone or by the industry alone. Both have been responsible for the disaster, and both must contribute to the solution.

Capital and Labour have both been criminally contributory to the debacle, and the tragedy of the mining world to-day is directly attributable in large measure to the colossal blunder of the Great Strike.

That tragedy must be redeemed by the industry itself, by a more statesmanlike frame of mind on the part of Capital and by an end of insane "Cook-ism" in Labour.

But the Government has its share of responsibility. And not this Government only. Two crushing blows have been delivered at the coal trade by Government action—one, the premature return to the gold standard which shut our coal out of foreign markets by raising the price of our exports; two, reparations coal.

Of these, the most prolonged and disastrous is reparations coal. If the wiseacres who represented us at the Peace Conference had decided that the destruction of the British coal trade was the end in view, they could not have conceived any measure more calculated to serve their purpose than to compel Germany to pay France in coal.

The simple fact is that the devastated areas of France have been rebuilt at the expense of the British coal trade, just as the vast military developments of France are being financed by the British taxpayer who is engaged in paying the interest on France's debt to this country, France herself refusing to pay.

The reparations coal has hung like a millstone round our neck ever since the Spa Conference. The handicap, by the Spa Conference terms, should have been lifted this year.

But thanks to the folly of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in 1924, it will not be lifted while the Dawes scheme remains in operation.

Nor is this all that Mr. MacDonald did. The original conditions of reparations coal at least gave British coal a fighting chance by providing that deliveries of reparations coal were to be valued at a figure based on British export coal. That seemed that we should not be undersold.

But Mr. MacDonald agreed in 1924 to this being modified. Henceforward reparations coal must be valued at the lowest market price.

Fair play wanted

Thus the rope was tied more tightly round the neck of the British coal trade, and tied not for ten years, but for generations.

The time has come, with the appointment of the new Commission on Reparations, for the Government to insist on this terrible handicap being removed. The Peace Treaty fixed ten years as the limit of reparation payments in kind.

Let that limit be restored. Let British coal have a fair field and no favour. If that can be done the revival of the coal trade will follow, and with it the revival of all the industries dependent on coal.

THE FOUR-WH

by Dr. ESME WIN

EVERY day that passes several people are hurled into eternity through the agency of the motor-car.

Now I am not trying to work up a sentimental crusade against the motor or the motorist. Both have come to stay, and it is childish to talk about putting back the clock. And, in fact, we want to see not less, but more cars on the road.

Dr. Esme Wingfield-Stratford

There is no need for the car to be a rich man's privilege. It is not so in the United States where the workman has his "flivver," and the enjoyment of it when work is over.

And even without owning a car himself the British workman can derive a rare amount of enjoyment from the charabanc, or even the motor-cycle. Though the latter form of transit, by the way, is responsible for a far greater proportion of accidents than the private car.

And, if it is childish to denounce the car, it is equally silly to abuse all motorists as if they were, as a class, inconsiderate road-hogs.

Of course, when cars are numbered by the million, you are bound to have some drivers who are a disgrace to the honourable fellowship of the road.

BUT these exceptional black sheep are hated by nobody more than their fellow motorists.

The suicide who shoots out into the main road without sounding his horn; the murderer who scorches through a crowd of school-children; the criminals who cut in on bends—let them lie in the lowest dungeon as a warning to others.

Meanwhile what is the law doing? One may well ask, in face of the increasing toll of accidents.

It is not doing much for the sufficient reason that if it seriously tried to get itself obeyed it would have to start by arresting every single motorist from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

A BIBLE BOUND IN BLUE

A Searing Epitaph

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE mere mention of the words "Blue Book" sends most people, myself included, scurrying to cover.

Masses of figures, acres of dry-as-dust statistics, ponderous calculations—they are not exactly light entertainment, these Government publications.

There is, however, one such book that I always read. I look forward to its publication with real pleasure.

I never miss Sir George Newman's annual report on "The Health of the School Child." It beats all your Locarno Treaties and Kellogg Pacts. These are merely belated efforts to stop men reaping the rewards of their own stupendous follies.

Sir George Newman's reports are highways to a healthy nation. They are fences behind which the nation's children are sheltered from the indifferent stupidity of the nation's adults.

They are the foundation on which we simply must build if we are to survive as a race.

Saving the children

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of Health, has, during his term of office, done more for his country than the country yet realises. I know no one more sincerely devoted to his work.

Saving the nation's children is his passionate desire—and he is saving them. He is, through his department, quietly and unobtrusively forcing along reforms that only blind ignorance—if nothing worse—prevents being freely granted him with the whole force of the Government behind them.

Listen to what he says:

"The number of children under fifteen who died during the year in England and Wales was 82,968.

"The inability to prevent much of this disease and the acceptance of 83,000 deaths of children under fifteen must be accounted as our failure.

"Yet it is not complete failure, for that figure of 83,000, large though it be, means that we saved in 1927 as many as 30,000 lives as compared with six years ago."

Do you glimpse the romance, the daring, the public-spirited endeavour behind those few sentences?

Can you see the doctors and the teachers, the welfare workers and a host of others silently fighting want and disease, often handicapped by Government stupidity—and yet saving 30,000 little lives that would otherwise have been lost?

Wonderful service

Not only saving them—but, having torn away the hands of death from their throats, building up their little ailing bodies and fitting them to become useful men and women.

No wonder that Sir George Newman says: "The school doctor who makes possible the mending of an ailing child makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. He is laying the only possible foundation of national health, and he builds for the future."

It is an expensive business, of course, but is there really any man who can say, and sincerely mean it, that the money is not well spent?

Some 2,000,000 children are medically examined every year—about 10,000 every school day.

How many would the death-roll have been if this money had not been spent, and if these children had not been examined?

That surely is the question that the economisers and the parsimonious should be forced to answer.

Take away the school medical service and in a few years disease and death would make the casualties of the war look like child's play.

Yet Mr. Neville Chamberlain, despite the annual evidence of these reports, can still think it policy to cut down the grants of free milk to babies and nursing and expectant mothers!

Despite the astonishing fact that, due to this increasing attempt at disease prevention, the elementary school child "is improving physically at a greater rate than the secondary school child," the Government can still hang fire on housing and slum clearance though bad housing, even more than bad and insufficient food, is the cause of half the trouble.

Sir George Newman, K.C.B., M.D., Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health, whose annual report on The "Health of the School Child" makes arresting reading

Are our statesmen blind—or won't they see? Or are they deliberately wicked?

"Why is it," asks Sir George Newman, "that we teach children arithmetic, geography, music and drawing before we have taught them how to live?"

Such a simple, innocent question! But it ought to make everyone, from Mr. Baldwin downwards, sit back and do some real thinking.

After all, children do not clamour to be brought into the world. Surely they have a right to expect that when they are here they shall receive justice?

Innocent victims

The greatest tragedy of the coalfields to me is not the men and women. It is the children.

Innocent and helpless, victims of a catastrophe that they had no hand in causing, that they cannot understand and can do nothing to remedy—into what are they going to grow?

Starved in body and stunted in mind and spirit, what sort of men and women will they become?

And of what use is the magnificent work of the school medical service if our politicians are content to watch hundreds of thousands of these children waste away from *entirely preventable causes*?

Let me quote yet another passage from this report—and let me draw the earnest attention of the Cabinet to it:

"We know the conditions fostering tuberculosis, rickets and venereal disease, and we know how to prevent them, yet these three human scourges are still widely tolerated among us and are damaging hundreds of thousands of our people.

"Above all else we know how to save infant life and build up sturdy boys and girls and stronger men and women, and we have done it where we have chosen to do it—but we do not always choose."

Are not those awful words to ring in the ears of a nation that calls itself Christian and civilised? "We know how . . . but we do not always choose."

Damning words

That is sinning against the light with a vengeance—to know how to save infant life and not deliberately choose to save it; to know how to build strong, healthy men and women out of ailing children and not deliberately choose to do it; to know how to make the future of this country sound and safe—and to pass by on the other side!

"We do not always choose" . . . !

Let me leave it there. Let those words sink into the minds of us all.

For there have never yet been penned words more searing or more damning. They are the epitaph of a Government that has not even been faithful in little things.

Let us be very careful that the time does not arrive when they will also be the epitaph of a nation.

EEL MURDERER

GFIELD-STRATFORD

The law says, in the plainest terms, that any one of the King's subjects who is so bold as to drive a mechanically propelled vehicle on any highway at a greater speed than twenty miles an hour is rendering himself liable to severe pains and penalties.

Of course, this law is ridiculous and obsolete and is treated everywhere with contempt.

This general speed limit is reinforced by local ones, usually of the funereal ten miles an hour, though some local authorities have imposed eight or even five.

IT is no wonder that these get treated with little more respect than the farcical twenty on the main roads.

The speed limit fetish is founded on an absolute fallacy. As every motorist knows, the slow driver, who drives down to anything like the legal limit, is as dangerous as the fastest speed merchant.

He causes congestion, and congestion causes cutting-in, and cutting-in causes more accidents than anything else.

A speed limit enforced by traps, however it is fixed, will be productive of nothing but chaos and bitterness and will be ignored not only by road-hogs but by the best and safest drivers.

Eliminate the road-hog whether his speed be one mile or a hundred. Concentrate the whole force of the law upon the offence of dangerous driving and see that the law is obeyed.

AND remember, there is a class of motorist to whom a fine is only a trifling inconvenience. It is from this class, some of them with handles to their names, that the most persistent, deliberate and pitiless road-hogs are drawn.

A sharp sentence or two of jail, without the option, will do more to eliminate these worst offenders and bring down the death-roll than all the silly traps and fines and petty prosecutions that irritate without deterring.

But if the law is to function so drastically, it must have the backing of public opinion and not be merely vexatious and unjust as at present.

It is time to bring motoring law up to date, to make it reasonable and scientific and then, and not till then, to enforce it in letter and spirit with all the sternness befitting a matter of life or death.

A Magnificent

New Year Gift

A 4/6 Pomeroy Beauty Outfit Absolutely Free With a

14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11

All Sent For Deposit Of 1/-

A splendid present, this! Absolutely unexampled in the history of selling! You could not buy this Pomeroy Beauty Outfit under 4/6, but I offer it to you as my good will present for the New Year if you order your corset before the end of January.

Closing Jan. 31st.

The corset is my Ambron Model A, worn and praised by fashion leaders, by stars of Stage and Screen, by well dressed women everywhere. A luxury of Comfort, a paragon of Style, it was originally 14/11, and now at 8/11 it is admittedly the World's Best Corset Bargain. It is made in fine quality Coutil, cut with low bust, deep on hips, and has four suspenders. Corset is easily washable. Send 1/- now and see this amazing Bargain and Free Gift.

The Free Beauty Outfit

Comprises a tube of Pomeroy Complexion Cream, one of Day Cream, one of Skin Food, and one of Dental Cream, together with a dainty Box of Face Powder and a 3 in 1 Shampoo Sachet—all fitted in a tastefully decorated box.

COUPON For 4/6 Beauty Outfit FREE

With 14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11.

Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper, to which pin this Coupon.

Please send me on approval a 14/11 Ambron Model "A" Health Corset at the reduced price of 8/11 WITH BEAUTY OUTFIT FREE.
My measurements are :—

Size of Waist.....Bust.....Hips.....
State also size of Corset usually worn, and whether White or Dove preferred.

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 6d. postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset and Beauty Outfit, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each or more. Please cross Postal Order thus / /

Sizes in White or Dove 20 to 36 inches. In Grey only 37 to 42 inches. Sizes 31 to 36 inches (O.S.) 1/6 extra; 37 to 42 inches (X.O.S.) 3/- extra.

JOHN BULL, 19/1/29. No. 409.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER. No. 34 **COVENTRY.** Write for LISTS

THE AUCTION OF CORONETS

A Dangerous Guinea-Pig

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

IF ever that blessed word, "Rationalisation," is to be translated into material relief for our depressed trades, its first aim must be to "rationalise," with a vacuum cleaner, the swarm of usurers, Stock Exchange rampers and "guinea-pigs" who levy toll from useful toil.

The dullest of observers, seeing banks and insurance offices expand and multiply their business palaces, whilst the queues of workless artisans grow longer and longer at the employment exchanges, must be driven sometimes to seek causes for the contrast.

Increased burdens

And famished miners, being informed, as they doubtless were, by their revolutionary counsellors, that an ex-Lord Chancellor had airily described a yearly pension of £5,000 (after three years' tenure of office) as a "paltry gain," must have felt very like that fasting man in Paris who broke through his cage in fury when a party of revellers came to mock him with an orgy of feasting.

All classes of wealth producers are at long last being roused to ask curious questions as to the relationship between trade depression and financial prosperity.

In Lancashire, employers and trade unions are united in agreement that the slump in the cotton trade is primarily due to financial wangling during the boom years of 1919-20, when 238 firms increased the "value" of their shares from ten to thirty-three millions without any increase in their real assets.

The natural result was that, at the end of the boom, the mills found themselves burdened with enormously increased charges for fixed interest and depreciation.

Their plight was made worse by German competition, which, as I foretold during my enquiries in Germany in 1919-20, was tremendously intensified by inflation of currency, and by the fact that German manufacturers were absolutely compelled to increase their exports to pay war indemnities.

Cotton trade's plight

And now the Lancashire cotton trade is so hard hit that even the capitalists are driven to the conclusion that "disagreeable as it will be, it will be better for the individual, the banks and the industry, to have the capital put upon a basis which promises a reasonable return, rather than continue in the present attitude of hoping for something to turn up."

Manufacturers in other trades similarly affected are asking for State enquiry as to the persistent banking policy of restricting credit, to the ruinous discouragement and hindrance of commercial enterprise.

They are slowly waking to the fact that the credit on which our banks trade and thrive does not depend, as their former innocence believed, on huge hoards of bullion in the banks' cellars; but just simply on the wealth created by the people who want to use their own credit.

Mr. A. M. Thompson, known to countless readers as "Dangle," and an outspoken writer on various topics

It is therefore dawning upon some of our wealth-makers that the State—which is themselves—has a right to supervise the use of that credit, and to fix the price at which it shall be set free for trade expansion.

The thing—as some of us have shown—can be done quite easily, by the appointment of one or more State directors to the Bank of England which practically governs our banking system.

What is wanted

Even those who are most afraid of the Socialist bogey may accept the proposal without alarm. The same principle has been applied to our railways ever since they were constructed, when rates were rigorously regulated by Act of Parliament.

It is not Nationalisation, but simple, common-sense Rationalisation. It only means, in plain terms, that the State has a right to control, in the interest of the State, the credit whose sole basis is the wealth of the State.

Rationalisation needs to be applied even further to the important business of selecting managers and directors to conduct our industries.

* * *

The cat will be out of the bag next week

Our complacent Prime Minister himself has been moved by notable recent happenings to call public attention to the "large numbers of men connected with management" who have "battened on the joint stock companies"—"directors who are parasitical to industry and nothing but parasitical."

We all know something of the "guinea-pig" scandal. We know of the noble and illustrious gentlemen who have taken names honoured in our national annals, to be sold in the City for what they will fetch, as ornamental figure-heads of more or less risky commercial ventures.

Managers not muddlers

We know that some of these noble gentlemen figure on the Boards, sometimes, of a dozen companies, concerned with industries so widely dissimilar as chemical works, motor shops and woollen mills.

And we have often been moved to wonder how any one head, however clever at after-dinner epigrams, could possibly add to the output of any one of these enterprises.

If management is worth the very high "rent of ability" which it claims and obtains, it is obvious that men in managerial positions should possess special experience and knowledge superior to that of the workmen whose labours they control.

The Board of Trade lays down strict tests to ensure the efficiency of ships' captains. No railway signalman is appointed to the responsibility of controlling the movement of trains on the mere fact that he has distinguished himself in county cricket.

The management of businesses on which depend the needs and convenience of the public, the livelihood of men and women, and the prosperity of Britain's trade, is not less important than the navigation of a ship or the control of railway signals. Capable officers make good soldiers. Workmen give their best to a boss who knows his job, but they cut canny to the commands of a noodle.

Strikes mostly start in shops where the employer's obvious incompetence has won the men's contempt. Discipline droops where Jack knows that he is better than his master.

Stupid resistance

Charles I. was beheaded because he couldn't get rid of the idea that good government must depend on the divine right of kings.

The people's "liberty and freedom," as he expressed it, must "consist in having government . . . it is not their having a share in government—that is nothing appertaining to them."

The words seem strange nowadays. I wonder whether the people of fifty years hence will equally wonder at the claim of divine right in industrial government by Birth and Influence, and our industrial mandarins' stubborn and stupid resistance to promotion by merit?

CALLOUS TRAFFIC IN BABIES

Lower than the Gutter

THAT babies should be used as bait by those unscrupulous beggars who stand in the gutters fishing for coppers rom passers-by is one of the most oignant street scandals in this ountry to-day.

The fact that many of these children re actually borrowed for the purpose dds to the sinful seriousness of the atter.

This alone should be ample inspira- on to the authorities to make a peedy and complete round-up of he scores of inhuman devils who make heir living out of this sordid and de- icable traffic.

We can imagine few worse offences an to expose tiny mites of tender ears, some of them not many months d, to the mercy of drizzling rain, ting cold and cutting winter winds.

But when it comes about that those ility of exposing such children can- ot claim them as their own, but have orrowed them for "theatrical effect," ords almost fail us.

Arousing pity

The British public is a generous ublic. It is also a child-loving ublic.

The sight of a child shivering in the ms of its father or mother in the tter invariably inspires pity and sults in the passage of money.

That is understandable. We would t prefer the public to think other- e or to act otherwise. We would t destroy, or attempt to destroy, charitable inclinations.

But the public should know the th and be on its guard until such e as the authorities have made a n sweep of the gutter swine.

Whether or not the children be orrowed, they must be protected, we look for immediate action.

Mr. Bingley, the Marylebone magis- te, is among those who are termined to stamp out the evil.

There was a case before him ently in which a flower-seller med Annie Penfold, of Notting Hill, s charged with begging and ex- sing her six-months-old baby.

Nauseating case

The story of her offence, as related a constable, was as dramatic as was nauseating. She and her sband took turns at standing in e rain, but the baby was always ere during each of the "shifts."

There was, of course, no need for e child's presence. One or the other uld have cared for it in turn.

Or it could have been left at a rsery in Notting Hill where such ildren are attended to in the sence of their parents.

Two other astounding facts were entioned during the hearing of this se. One was that the woman had en warned not to take the child t *because she had already lost two ildren.*

The other monstrous piece of in- rmation was that this callous woman had always made a practice of taking a child with her on her ex- peditions, and, if one of her own were not available, there was one "bor- rowed for the occasion."

"It is a cruel and monstrous thing," declared Mr. Bingley. "It makes my heart bleed."

But we wish that, instead of re- manding her on bail on her promise not to repeat the offence, he had sent her to jail as an example to others.

Mr. Bingley, we are glad to say, was not so lenient in the case of a man named William Hills, a window-

Mr. Bingley, the Marlborough Street magistrate, who has had several shocking cases before him where beggars have used babies to arouse pity

cleaner, of Bell Street, Edgware Road, who was caught begging in Kentish Town Road.

Mental torture

With him at the time was his wife, one child aged three and another aged twelve. Hills himself was selling matches, while the woman con- tinually held out her hand to pedes- trians and said "Thank you."

The children looked depressed and miserable under the public gaze, and one of them was shivering pathetically with the cold.

In sending this soulless scoundrel to jail, Mr. Bingley described his conduct as monstrous. As the act of a grown man we should add to that and call it inhuman.

A man who will stoop to extort money from sympathising people at the expense of the mental and physical suffering of children is a low-down cad.

It must be remembered, too, that the mental torture to children used for such a purpose often exceeds that of the physical.

These are not isolated cases. Many others come to court and scores of others occur, but never engage the attention of the law, as each one of them ought to do.

In the records of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is to be found many a grim story of the inhuman treatment meted out to children of tender years by beggars and others who use them as part of their stock-in-trade for street "trading."

Such treatment is worse than that received by the children of another and forgotten age in this country when the poor young things were sent down the mines and up the chimney- flues.

There is one particular case we know of in which a child, a mere baby of fifteen months, was taken each day by its mother to a flower-selling pitch.

Both in fine weather and foul the little mite was there. There were occasions when large quantities of rainwater could be wrung from its sodden clothes!

A fiendish mother

Just as one other example of this dreadful traffic in childish bodies and emotions, we might mention the instance of a certain woman who persistently begged from door to door with a child in her arms. The child was not a year old!

Before calling at a house on her errand of "scrounging" for ill-deserved coppers, it was her custom to strike the child across the face in order to make it cry.

When the tears flowed freely she would then knock on a door and ask for alms, which, for the sake of the tearful child, would nearly always be forthcoming.

It would be possible to quote even more poignant examples of such devilry.

They are to be found daily in all parts of the country, but more particularly, perhaps, in London.

It is difficult to understand why more trouble should be taken in the provinces to deal with such a menace to child life, and a round-up of the offenders in the metropolis is long overdue.

The N.S.P.C.C. is, of course, doing a noble work in coping with the evil, but, as we have been assured by a high official of the society, the co- operation of the public is necessary if it is to be completely stamped out.

We cannot help feeling that many such cases are somehow overlooked by the police.

Punish offenders

Each and all of the offenders, as they are noticed, should be brought to court, and each and every magis- trate should not hesitate to deal out stern sentences.

No punishment could be too harsh for such fiendish offenders, who seldom spare a thought for the suffering of the helpless mites they so shame- fully exploit.

Child life must be protected. The mean, money-grabbing and lazy scum of the gutters who use this human bait to "catch" the public must be driven off the streets once and for all.

Try a Manikin!

Care vanishes with the first whiff and you are sure of half an hour's com- plete enjoy- ment before you lay aside the tiny end.

Manikins are friendly restful little smokes—Calm consolation in every puff, and they're quite economical—10*d. buys a packet of* 5—Every one will ensure you an evening of happy content.

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All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

GREAT FREE COMPETITION!
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Full details on page 29.

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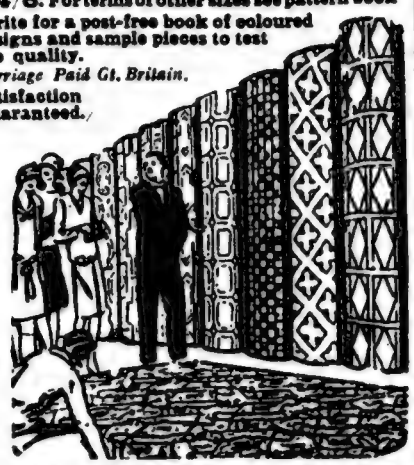

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Best for all small buildings: clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 3/9, Heavy grade 4/. Every roll guaranteed. Used under lino on concrete prevents rot.
LASTS LONGEST / Of Ironmongers everywhere

BLENHEIM ORANGE BLUFFER

Apples that Turned to Lemons

AN ingenious rogue is operating just now as plain Mr. "George Smith," though this designation may, in view of some discoveries we have made about him, be only an alias.

An advertisement recently appeared in a weekly paper offering bargains on the "something-for-nothing" basis.

In alluring language, the announcement offered hand-picked apples, large Blenheim oranges, and all kinds of other choice fruit, at remarkably low prices, which included the cost of carriage.

Mr. George Smith, whose headquarters were given as being in Cheltenham, was the advertiser, and, at the end of his offer, he added the cryptic guarantee: "Satisfaction assured or money back."

Tempting bargains

As the paper is one of the highest standing, various people despatched sums of money to Mr. George Smith for consignments of his fruity bargains.

But not a single applicant has received anything in return. Not even a receipt for the money has so far been forthcoming! The truth about Mr. Smith is that he is a swift and shifty swindler, and possesses a cool audacity that would be hard to beat.

When he inserted his advertisement, in fact, he knew full well that he had no "hand-picked apples" for disposal, and was merely embarking upon an expeditious campaign to get rich quick at the expense of gullible people.

Shop-keeper hoaxed

As a matter of fact, enquiry shows that he possesses no headquarters at Cheltenham, and is a stranger to the neighbourhood.

The address given in his advertisement is that of a small shop-keeper, who may also now regard himself as a victim of Smith's ingenuity.

Wandering into the shop one day, Smith, who is a well-dressed man with sandy hair, made a trifling purchase. Then, engaging the shop-keeper in conversation, he stated that he was only temporarily in the neighbourhood, and would be grateful if he might be permitted to have a few letters addressed c/o his premises.

Believing that he was helping an honest man, the shop-keeper acceded to the request, and Smith departed.

He immediately framed the advertisement we have quoted, paid for its insertion in the paper concerned, waited a day or two for the letters to arrive, and then disappeared with all the money that had poured in!

There are two morals to this story. One is that shop-keepers, no matter how impressed they may be by the appearance of glib-tongued strangers, should make it a rule never to permit their premises to be used for the reception of letters, otherwise they may be unwittingly assisting rogues in their swindling operations.

Double moral

Moral number two is that members of the public, no matter how attractive such advertised offers may appear on the surface, should never send money *in advance* for bargains.

"Cash on Delivery" terms are good enough for all advertisers who run straightforward and honest businesses.

We hope that Mr. George Smith, who will doubtless endeavour to repeat his fraud elsewhere, will soon be under lock and key.

The Sentence of the Court

OUR POACHMASTER-GENERAL

The B.B.C. and £ S. D.

FROWNING darkly and projecting his chin to add conviction to his impersonation of Mussolini, Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson, Postmaster-General, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of poaching.

"It is not suggested," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "that the accused, who is both an amateur archer and an amateurish statesman, has been guilty of shooting a hare with his little bow-and-arrow.

"This charge has not been framed under our antiquated Game Laws, but is of a much more serious nature, since it relates to an attempt to employ public money in poaching upon preserves which have for years been exploited and developed by private enterprise.

"And in this case the accused was caught red-handed with evidence of his guilt in his pocket, in the form of a dummy copy of a twopenny journal which the B.B.C. intends inflicting upon the public.

"Why the B.B.C. should suddenly invade the publishing business heaven and our Postmaster-General alone know. And the latter not only declines to tell, but bluntly refused to receive deputations of protest against this new and amazing departure.

"But however persistently the accused may mistake official deafness and dumbness for masterfulness and strength, taxpayers generally and listeners-in in particular will insist upon knowing why money provided for broadcasting should be squandered upon what looks like a successor to the late unlamented *British Gazette*."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the B.B.C charter empowered it to "do all such things as the Corporation may deem incidental or conducive" to the attainment of its objects. This was a conclusive answer to those who contended that publishing was an illegitimate B.B.C. activity.

* * *

"I do not doubt that our B.B. Cæsars, if sufficiently indifferent to public opinion, could do all manner of things," said Mr. Justice Bull. "Since they have not made a conspicuous success of broadcasting the nightingale, they might even decide that breeding their own nightingales was 'incidental or conducive' to their business.

"But what they can do without infringing their charter and what they can do without overtaxing the patience of taxpayers are two different things. The Corporation certainly was not granted a Government subsidy and immunity from income-tax so that it could enter into competition with private concerns.

"Judging by my examination of the dummy copy, the B.B.C. in launching this new weekly is not only guilty of poaching, but has poached a bad egg.

"But even if the accused is a worse failure as a publisher than as a Postmaster-General, he will probably continue to keep smiling smugly.

"Why should he trouble himself with such trifling details as failure and muddle when any loss will come not from his pockets but from those of the taxpayers.

"What the public wants from the department under the control of the accused is not a new twopenny weekly, but the old penny postage. It will be time for the department to seek to compete with established commercial undertakings when it has established itself on a proper business basis.

"The sentence of the Court is that this latest and most laughable recruit to the growing army of comic Mussolinis shall undergo six months' penal detention in the Dead Letter Office on a castor-oil diet."

* * *

A BIG JUMP.

"Bullets" makes a record jump this week to a 700 Guineas First. Take off from page 35, and land at the top of the prize-list.

Words Winged to Women

Her Majesty the Queen, who has signified her approval of the Church of England Temperance Society's intention to double its membership this year

PURGATORY *by the* PINT

by MABEL HORNER

THEY tell me that American women are responsible for keeping the American nation in the grip of Prohibition. American women, themselves, and I have read the words of a good many of them, call it the Charter of the Women and the Home. That is as it may be.

I have never lived in a Prohibition country, so I am not going to take any of my evidence from hearsay. I only know that total prohibition is impossible of enforcement, and so I feel inclined to agree with ex-President Taft when he says that any law impossible of enforcement is calculated to make a nation look ridiculous.

On the other hand, I am profoundly convinced that strong drink, when it is indulged in to excess, is the worst enemy that children and homes can have. Listen to these cases in illustration.

A woman was left seven years before the war with two young children because her husband was a confirmed drunkard. The war ended that part of her life. She married again a decent fellow and all has gone well until recently.

Now the two children of her first marriage are showing unmistakable signs of having inherited their father's weakness. The boy is on the high road to becoming a wastrel, the girl stays out late at night and frequently comes home the worse for wine.

Another woman is only twenty-nine years of age, yet for the whole of the seven years she has been married she has had to work to support her home and keep her two little girls from starvation.

The curse of drink

Her husband is always drunk whenever he can get any money to spend. He is violent in drink. He shouts and brawls and calls his wife the most vile names. Neighbours have to come in to protect the children from his insane wrath.

"My husband is only the same age as myself and we have three little babies, but he is nearly always the worse for drink. He knocks me about and uses very bad language.

"He says the vilest things in front of my little ones. He has threatened my life several times, and I have had to run into the street to get away from him.

"This is the greater pity because he was so well brought up; his mother was a school-teacher; but if she gives us any money to help us it always goes in the same way, for drink.

"I am only too willing to work outside the home to keep it together, but I cannot get any sleep at night through my husband's behaviour and my nerves are worn to rags."

Another woman says that every paynight, instead of bringing his wages home, her husband gets blind drunk on the money.

He comes home, throws himself on the bed with his boots on, and as he begins to come out of his sottish sleep, leads his wife, his children and even his poor old mother a life too terrible to think of.

Occasionally—nay, quite as often—it is the woman who makes home a hell-on-earth through drink.

"My children are a disgrace to be seen," says a tram-driver, "they go in rags and dirt, and I have even found them completely verminous through my wife's neglect.

"Yet I earn good wages, I neither smoke nor drink and I only keep back from the housekeeping money what is necessary to pay my fares to and from work. Every penny I give to my wife goes in drink.

"I learned to-day that things have been more terrible than I ever suspected, for my children are certified as suffering from malnutrition, and this, not because I am too poor to provide them with food, but because their mother spends the money that should buy their food in drink."

A sister writes of a brother who is a terrible drinker and gambler and whose poor wife is now maltreated because in her despair she took in a lodger to help pay the rent.

Another sister writes of a brother who comes home drunk late at night when the rest of the family are in bed, too drunk to stand upright. He is pushed through the door by his boon companions and rolls on to the rug in front of the fire.

Every Sunday morning he is found there in a drunken stupor of sleep; and, what is worse for these helpless women to bear, in a general condition such as cannot be decently described in print.

Only one way

Now, it is not necessary to be Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson to see that for people such as these there is only one way of betterment They must sign the pledge and be helped to keep it.

Were I the relative of any one of them, I would move heaven and earth to persuade them to do it.

I would stand shoulder to shoulder with them and I would join a temperance organisation of some sort to gather round me the right atmosphere and the right sort of friends to help me in the fight.

I would not do this because of prejudice against drink, but because of pride in my home and family.

We can't have Prohibition for the nation, yet it can, and in cases like these should, be applied to the home.

Homely Wisdom

THE INVISIBLE BOND

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

AT the moment of writing I am in mid-ocean, about as far from land as I have ever been, and the experience provokes some reflections.

When, many years ago, I first took a voyage like this, we were out of touch with news for weeks. The South African war was proceeding, and great events were happening of which we knew nothing though we were eager to learn.

Senatore Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy

Mafeking had been relieved, for instance, some days before the intelligence reached us. How different to-day! We have scarcely seen a ship since our voyage began a fortnight ago, but not for an hour have we been cut off from communication with home.

That modern miracle, the wireless telegraph, has kept us informed of everything of importance that is going on, not only in England but everywhere else throughout the world.

We are following the course of the King's illness with the same anxiety as every British subject in every part of the Empire, and we know as much about it as you do in London though no living thing but ourselves is visible to the farthest horizon.

We got the bulletin at breakfast this morning as usual. It was issued from Buckingham Palace at noon on the same day.

This seems queer, but the simple explanation is that you are a few hours ahead of us in time as we are approaching the coast of Panama. What is noon with you is still early morning with us.

We are reading President Coolidge's message of sympathy and the Queen's reply.

Yesterday we hailed with cheers the news of the Prince of Wales' record journey home to his royal father's bedside.

We have noted every stage of that journey day by day. Now we are waiting and hoping for tidings that the crisis of the illness has been passed.

HOW truly right was the Prime Minister when he said in his Guildhall speech that all the peoples of the world are being drawn together and every part of the globe being linked up with every other by the progress of science and the spread of human enterprise.

We belong to one another; we cannot do without one another; we depend upon one another. Almost in spite of ourselves we are being driven by the sheer force of circumstances to realise that we are one.

The great moral task of the immediate future is to get men to think and feel in terms of this stupendous fact.

Selfishness is stupidity. The only lasting satisfaction in life is to merge one's self-interest in the good of all.

Most men already know this and to some extent act on it.

When all men learn to do so all the time, we shall have a new world.

MYSTERY NOTICE

Have you solved the mystery sentence yet? (It's easier still this week.)

T*e*e *i*l b* a
ea* spr***
i* **r *se*e

on sale,

THURSDAY, JAN. 31st.

Full particulars next week

Do Men Prefer Blondes?

What 100 Married and 100 Unmarried Men Say.

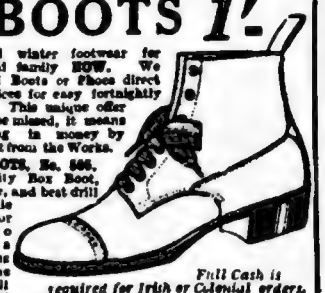
Tests made by a noted psychologist with 100 married and 100 unmarried men show that in their preference for women a good complexion is the first consideration. As a matter of fact, about the same number of men prefer blondes as brunettes. But no man likes a woman with a shiny nose—he feels that she is careless and slovenly in her personal appearance—yet he does not like to see her continually powdering. You can make your face powder cling to your skin all day in spite of gusty winds, rainy weather or perspiration while dancing, simply by blending a little mousse of cream with it. The mousse of cream also acts as a tonic to the skin and its continued use greatly improves the complexion, imparting a new and natural beauty.

In Poudre Tokalon the mousse of cream is scientifically blended in just the right proportions with the finest air-floated powder. This is an exclusive and patented Tokalon process. Indetectable on the skin, Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, youthful complexion and has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fascinating. It is the greatest complexion discovery made in 50 years. Over three million women now use Poudre Tokalon—the mousse of cream powder—every morning.

Free Trial—Send 3d. in stamps (to cover postage, packing, etc.) for de-luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in various shades and Creme-Tokalon (Vanishing and Night). Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 8P) 212-214 Great Portland Street, London, W.1. JB

NORTHAMPTON *for* BOOTS *1/-*

Secure good winter footwear for yourself and family NOW. We offer to send Boots or Shoes direct at Works Prices for easy fortnightly payments. This unique offer should not be missed, it means a big saving in money by buying direct from the Works.



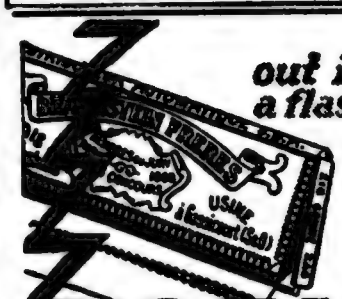
GENT'S BOOTS, No. 565. Good quality Box Boot, Derby style, and best drill lined. Made specially for those who require a good wearing boot. The soles are well stitched, of best quality stout English leather. Sizes from 6 to 11. Price 21/-

Full Cash is required for Irish or Colonial orders.

SEND ONE SHILLING TO-DAY.

Add 6d. for part postage. State size. Catalogue of other styles for Ladies', Gent's, and Children's Footwear, also Rain coats, Furs, etc., sent free on receipt of postcard.

DIRECT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, J.B. 76, Summit Works, NORTHAMPTON.



33

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

Mrs. E. Radley, 46, Addison Drive, St. Giles, Lincoln, who is now free from Eruptions on the Face.

"Healing is Believing"

Tormented with painful and disfiguring Eruptions on the face. Mrs. Radley found complete relief in Clarke's Blood Mixture. To other sufferers she recommends the remedy that has been famous as a Blood purifier for more than 70 years. She *tried* it and proved its worth. Benefit by her experience. Just as good for Abscesses, Swollen Glands, Ulcers, Piles, Eczema, Sore Places, Boils; also Gout and Rheumatism.

3/- *per bottle—Six times the quantity,* 12/-

Clarke's Blood Mixture

When outward application is also required Use CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE.

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER. BEST & PUREST

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

£5 Sideboard GRAMOPHONE.

MAKE or BUY A GRAMOPHONE at quarter price, with Double spring motor 12 in. Velvet Table, Swan Arm Soundbox, Amplifier, Needle Cups' £1 . 18 . 6 or buy Elfancophone as shown, size 32 x 30 x 16, complete, for £5 carr. paid. Motors, 9/-. Repair parts. Lists free, 64 pp. Drawing and how to make Gramophones, 8d.

REGENT FITTINGS Co. (9D), 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1

AMAZING NEW YEAR OFFER

Satisfaction or money refunded

LADIES' COSY SLIPPERS

With the new "Walk on Air" Rubber Cushion Soles.

For Ease and Comfort in Home and Garden.

TO CLEAR ONLY **1/11** PER PAIR.

ALL SIZES 2 to 9

Post and Packing 6d.

Two Pairs 3/6, Post 9d. Three Pairs 5/-, Post 1/-

Uppers figured tapestry, contrasting colours, bound embroidered edging with dainty silk pom-pom. Fleece lined. Everlasting wear. Hundreds of letters of appreciation received. If preferred, sent C.O.D. and you pay postman.

Write, Call or 'Phone Royal 6581.

THE MONUMENT MANUFACTURING CO.

(Dept. 11), 23 11 STREET HILL, LONDON, E.C.3.

The Home Forum—Conducted by MABEL HORNER

HAS YOUR HUBBY A HOBBY?

Miss Jessie Stephens, prospective Labour Candidate for Portsmouth Town, who believes in "Hobbies for Hubbies"

WISE women prefer their husbands to have a hobby of some sort, and for very good reasons, especially if the man happens to be possessed of ample means and lots of spare time.

Is it not better he should join a golf club, experiment with a wireless set, take pictures with his camera, collect rare stamps, or dig for worms in the garden, than that he should dissipate his energies, and money, in less useful and less desirable pursuits?

How many of those men who waste their time on gold-digging "vamps," who choose their victims irrespective of whether they be single or married, so long as they can have a good time at his expense, would be spared their unfortunate experiences if they had some better way of employing their leisure hours?

MOST men like to tinker about with something. Nothing makes them happier than to be occupied with the problem set them by their wireless set when it is out of repair, or why those snapshots turned out so badly.

The wives of such men have every reason to congratulate themselves, since, occupied in this way, they are less likely to have time to criticise household items which are more the concern of the womenfolk.

Their husbands cannot kiss and fondle valves, aerials or loud-speakers. They provide no grounds for serious criticism or jealousy so long as they do not rush to extremes and make the hobby interfere with the time they ought to devote to their wives.

There is the further advantage that their whereabouts at any given time is not wrapt in mystery.

Besides, when a man has been hard at work in the office, workshop or factory, it is good for his temper and the smooth running of the home that he should have a change of occupation after working hours.

It is difficult to understand the objections of such women as dislike their husbands having a hobby, when the majority of women indulge themselves much oftener. Fancy needlework, knitting, crocheting, or more ambitious work, come into the category of hobbies.

This is not to extenuate the conduct of any husband who spends so much time on his hobby he has none for joining his wife in some recreation or another. He is merely selfish. Let him realise there is a happy medium in all things, and all will be better than well.

The woman who is managing his home and rearing his children has a right to be considered too. Most men understand this quite well, and do not presume too much upon the good temper and patience of their helpmates.

When all this has been said, it is just as necessary for the wife to realise she is far better off with her husband coming home to enjoy his leisure time in the manner he loves best than to spend hours and hours at the club or, worse still, at other places where he can only be led into mischief.

She would grumble quite as loudly at this as she voices her objections to his having a hobby.

Women Who Do Things

KEEPING MEN HAPPY

ANYONE who has been in close touch with unemployed men knows the terrible danger of creeping apathy. As days and months go on and the search for work becomes more hopeless the greater the danger of the man sinking into despair.

This condition applies more to the capable workman who has previously enjoyed a respectable position in society than to the man who is more or less accustomed to being down-and-out.

The result is inevitable. A despairing man who feels himself forgotten by his fellows is on the high road to become a useless man.

In York, which, like all other cities, has a big unemployment problem on hand, the men themselves recognised this danger and thought of a way to combat it. In their search for help it was not to a man they turned, but to a woman.

Miss Winifred Gunn is well known in York for her work as honorary secretary for eight years of a branch of the League of Nations Union. Her organising ability is notable.

ON the last Remembrance Night, Miss Gunn spoke at a huge popular Peace meeting, and it was then that a group of York unemployed asked her to form a central club for them.

Miss Gunn assented with enthusiasm. She overcame the inevitable difficulties and obstacles, worked up public interest and support, found premises, and at a cost of 2d. a week to the members, the club became an accomplished fact.

In one month after the inception of the project, the club was opened by the Lord Mayor of York. Now, instead of standing in the cold at the corner of the street, the unemployed have a comfortable refuge from the weather.

They have music and reading; educational talks are a feature; football teams have been selected and a match is now arranged between the club and the York City police. In this match the Sheriff of York will kick off.

The City police will entertain their opponents to tea after the match, and it does not need much imagination to see how much better this is than the men and the police coming into conflict through misbehaviour caused by despairing idleness.

Miss Winifred Gunn

The spirit of fellowship engendered is splendid. A distinguished ex-colonel gives talks on aspects of international peace. Literary pursuits are encouraged. The unemployed are taking an interest in books. Their reading ranges from Victor Hugo to Edgar Wallace.

They feel enheartened, for, instead of their enforced idleness being scrapped, as in other towns, as so much waste product, in York it is being used constructively for the ultimate good of the whole community.

By occupying and educating unemployed men, Miss Gunn and her women colleagues feel that hope and self-respect are being restored and a definite sense given to the men that they are still regarded as useful citizens.

The League of Nations Union Club for Unemployed is the first of its kind in the country. If women in other towns realised the enormous value to the country of saving unemployed men from despair, it certainly will not be the last.

* * *

Secrets of "The Yard" by the shrewdest detective officer in England. See "The People" next Sunday.

THE ELDER SISTER

THE harder a girl works in her business career the more important she feels it to be to save a little money on her own account. She will need this badly in later years, whether she marries or whether she must look forward to an old age of spinsterhood.

At the present rate of wages people often express surprise that girls cannot save. Do they ever realise that younger sisters at home may be to blame for this unsatisfactory failure?

"Being the eldest girl in a large family," a correspondent writes, "I find myself regarded as the natural provider of scented soaps, bath salts, etc., as well as the replacer of broken combs, shoe polishes, stationery, ink and needles.

"These are necessities which younger sisters always seem to require, but which they very rarely trouble, or think it necessary, to provide for themselves. If the elder sister happens to develop literary tastes she is, in addition, looked to for the supply of books and periodicals.

"IT also seems to fall to my lot to buy the new music and bring home fresh gramophone records.

"I do not mind taking letters to post as I go out nor even writing all the semi-business letters connected with the home. I even like conducting the annual holiday boarding-house hunt.

"But when all the letters are handed to me unstamped, even postage becomes an item of considerable importance. But when the younger girls, who nearly always have attendant swains to take them to dances or cinemas, get in the habit of calling upon me casually for 'twopence to pay the 'bus fare,' I think it time to kick.

"Elder sisters are not, as a rule, jealous of the admiration the younger excite, nor do they begrudge spending a little money to please others, but selfishness puts an unnecessary strain upon sisterly affection."

It would be well if the younger sisters in many families were pulled up short and made to think. It will not help them in their own career to be allowed to treat the elder sister as a drudge.

Least of all is it good for them or the home to look upon her as provider of income who does not even require interest for her loan.

Miss Diploma offers:

£200 FOR LIMERICKS

There was a young maid of Vauxhall,
Who went to a fancy dress ball:
As Miss Diploma dressed
She was voted the best,

.....

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition: (Dept. 7),
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, February 1, 1929.**

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
200 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 BOXES OF CHEESE EACH CONTAINING SIX 3d PORTIONS
200 TINS of 'CORONET' Milk

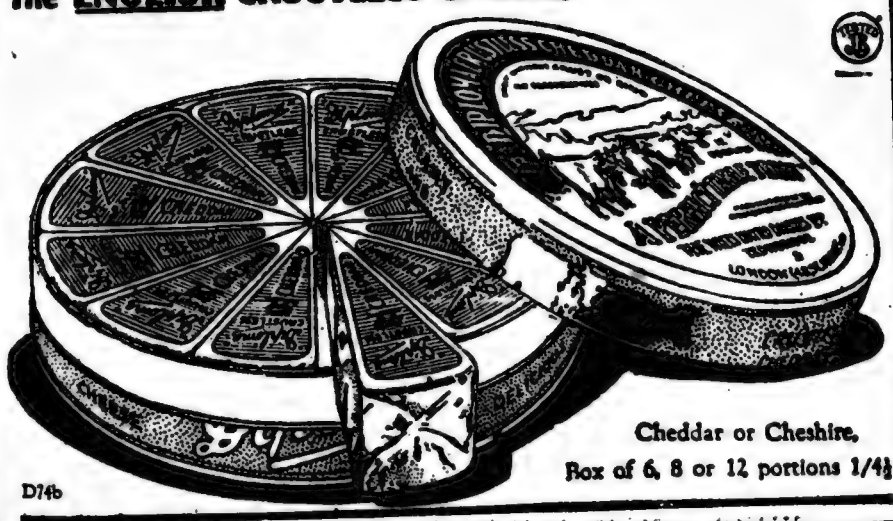
More than £4,500 has been distributed already

£50 WINNER.

When the turkey and pudding's gone west,
There's a tit-bit to follow—the best:
Some really good cheese,
But 'Diploma' brand, please!
"That's the *plum!*" the poor pudding confessed.

'DIPLOMA'

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE



Cheddar or Cheshire.
Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

D14b

The brighter your Teeth the better your Spirits

He's such a cheery person—always full of go, bent on getting the best out of life, ready for anything! The very sight of him makes you feel better, and a minute or two in his company does you a power of good. The reason? You can see it in his shining teeth—teeth that are always kept perfectly clean.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is what you should use if you want to have teeth like this. Colgate's keeps teeth *really* clean. Its fragrant foam removes every cause of decay and leaves a brilliant natural shine. It tastes pleasant too, and leaves your mouth feeling wonderfully fresh. Get your tube to-day.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

1/-
LARGE SIZE

Free! Colgate & Company, 21, Eagle Street, London, W.C.1.
Please send me a sample of the dentifrice most people are using.

Name.....

Address.....

J.B. .....

DISTRESS AFTER MEALS.

If you suffer pain after eating, or your food causes flatulence and sourness, depend upon it that your stomach has become too weak to do its work. Every sufferer from indigestion should bear in mind that the one thing necessary to good digestion is rich red blood in one's veins. Impoverished blood impairs the activity of the gastric glands and weakens the digestion. New strength is given to weak stomachs by Dr. Williams' pink pills, because these pills enrich the blood.

Mr. A. Pycock, Jun., of 77, Asquith Street, Gainsborough, Lincs, states:—"Some time ago I suffered so severely from indigestion that the very thought of food was a nightmare to me. I became devoid of strength, could not concentrate on anything, and began to lose weight. Doctor's medicine seemed to do me no good.

"I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills and decided to try them. I soon felt the benefit. I began to enjoy my food and went to work in an entirely different spirit. Now I can eat anything; I have regained my lost flesh and feel quite fit."

So improve your digestion by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. Every victim of indigestion should read "What to Eat," sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF DR. WHITE'S

KOMPO FOR COLDS

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR Colds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.

Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-

J. F. WHITE & CO. Chemists, Leeds.

NO DEPOSIT

Write TO DAY for Masters Special Offer

Send your full address, state occupation and we deliver to you this famous Chromatic Accordeon, a true musical instrument with 19 keys notes and half notes. Price 37/6, promise to pay 5/- on delivery and 5/- monthly and you have the Accordeon to play while paying for it. Send your address for one to-day. Price List Free.

MASTERS LTD., 83, HOPE STORES, RYE

Would you Take your Wife's REPENTANT DAUGHTER *into your Home to your Own Girl's Peril?*

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE is a problem of family life which unless you, "Humanist," can solve it, threatens to wreck a hitherto really happy home.

My wife and I married with no secrets between us. I knew she was already a mother. The father of her child, a well-to-do man, had taken the baby, a girl, from birth, and his parents brought it up as their own.

At the time of our wedding, both this man and his parents were dead, but all enquiries failed to trace the girl. We learned she had been wayward and finally disappeared. How wayward and wild she was we never discovered until a few weeks ago.

The girl has turned up, now a young woman of twenty-two, with evidence of identity beyond dispute. Her record is dreadful. She has had an illegitimate child, born dead. She has served a term of imprisonment as a convicted thief.

Worse still, she has latterly lived the awful life of a girl on the streets; she has now sought out her mother because she is tired of this life. She is, to all appearances, quite repentant and wants her mother to help her live a good life.

My wife is all eagerness to do this, but thinks she can do it best by taking the girl into our home.

I should cordially agree and even do my best to further this plan if only my wife and myself were concerned. But I have two daughters, one seventeen and one nineteen years old. They have been carefully brought up and, naturally, know nothing of their mother's past.

My wife says they need not know as the elder daughter will not betray the relationship, while, on the other hand, a good home and contact with innocent and carefully nurtured girls is just the example and stimulus the elder girl needs to strengthen her in her resolve to go straight.

Now, I see the whole thing from exactly the opposite angle. I dread and fear the danger to my own girls. What if their half-sister should contaminate them?" She seems sincere, but there is no denying that she is experienced in vice.

My wife and I are getting hopelessly at variance, for neither of us will yield the point. For heaven's sake, before our happiness is ruined, tell us what to do.

HUMANIST says: Take a middle course. A woman straight from the streets is not a fit associate for young girls. Assist her to get a situation where contact with youth is not involved. When you are satisfied that her repentance is lasting and sincere, receive her into your home without fear.

• • •

Mother Flouted

MY husband and I are getting on in years. We lost our youngest child and now have but one son to cheer our declining years. Unhappily, before he was twenty-one, he married a girl older than himself. We tried to make the best of it, though we saw she was not suited to him. I can tell you I have had nothing but insults to put up with from her.

We took one of the children to bring up, but she fetched it away and she is now estranging our son. We have not seen him once in two years.

This is hard on parents who are broken in health, but who have sacrificed everything in past years for their children. When I write to my daughter-in-law I get an insulting letter back, so what can I do?

PROBLEMS of Life that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." For the three most poignant and perplexing human documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10/6. Send your problems along to "Humanist," with stamped, addressed envelope. Names and addresses are suppressed so that the writers cannot be identified.

HUMANIST says: You have allowed your daughter-in-law to see too plainly that you resented her coming into the family, and this is the result. Now you will have to be patient. Do not try to force your company on your daughter-in-law if she does not wish it, but continue to see your son and tell him you are longing to see your family united again.

Ask him to come and see you and dad and bring the kiddies along. When the visits occur don't discuss grievances, but be cheerful. Plan out some little kindness for his wife, who is also now your daughter, and she will respond.

• • •

Suitor to Shun

I WONDER if you can help me to decide how to keep true to husband and children yet be very gentle in reproof to a very insistent lover.

I have always been sought after a lot by the opposite sex since I was a girl of sixteen. I had five separate proposals of marriage before I was eighteen.

While at a finishing school I met a young man at a school dance. This young man was older than myself and very handsome and polished and a fluent linguist.

He was, indeed, too charming for my peace of mind, but as I was still at school nothing came of our meeting but a bit of flirting and a romantic memory and dreams, for I did not see him except at those school dances.

Grown up, I married one of my boy pals, whom I had always looked on more as a brother. I explained that what I felt was merely liking, but he said that did not matter; he had love enough for both.

We have been comfortable, some would say happy, and six children have been born to us. Still, our tastes in every way are different and I have always, I must confess, disliked his kisses.

Now I know why. A month or two ago my old romantic dance-partner turned up, and at once I realised where my heart had been all the time. He knew it, too, for he turned white as death when he knew I was married and said, "God, what a fool I have been to stay away so long, and now it is too late."

Since then he has told me how he fell in love with me at that first dance and has loved me all these years in secret. He is rich and wants to help me. He begs of me to take just a little pity on him and in return will help me to educate the children in a way their daddy cannot afford.

He haunts me, waylaying me whenever I am alone. My heart yearns towards him. I feel the temptation growing greater than I can resist, so what shall I do?

HUMANIST says: Come to your senses and recognise this man as a dishonourable philanderer and send him to the rightabout before he ruins your home. Act as the wife of a good man should and don't talk in terms that would disgrace a silly school-girl. Have you no desire to set an irreproachable example to your children?

• • •

A Regular Old Rip

MY wife and I have been married happily for fifteen years. Now the first little rift within the lute appears. My father-in-law is in a Poor-law institution though in receipt of the old-age pension.

The wife thinks this a disgrace and wants him by our own fireside, as she says his pension would help him to pay his way. So it would if—and it is a big "if"—we could be sure that the money would go into the housekeeping.

But I know that once the old fellow is at liberty he will spend it all, as he used to do, on beer and 'baccy, and what he eats will have to be taken from my kiddies' keep. I ask you, sir, is it fair?

I served as a soldier "for the duration," and when I came home put my gratuity and back pay into comfortable furnishings for our little home.

Am I to see these disappear because we can't pay our way? My wife is wretched because she says I am harsh. I say I am sensible. What do you say?

HUMANIST says: Don't prejudge the matter. Allow your wife to offer her father a home on the strict understanding that the arrangement will end the moment he ceases to behave properly.

• • •

Silly Postcards

AT nineteen years of age, I am a girl in a terrible position. I am an orphan, but because my mother, before her death, worked at the "big house," I was also given a position. While there I became engaged to the footman and we were very happy until his mother got to hear of it.

We took little notice until I fell into bad health. I got a poisoned finger and the trouble spread until it affected my eyes. My boy's mother fixed on this and keeps sending me postcards of women with their eyes scratched out.

On the back she says rather would she see her boy stiff in his coffin than tied to a blind woman. This is having the desired effect of making me worse, but what can I do?

HUMANIST says: Take no notice of silly postcards, but try to get well. The less you worry the quicker the cure will be. If your boy loves you he will not be influenced by his mother's jealousy. You are young, and true love does not die because of a little time of waiting.

• • •

Her Hope Chest

MY brother, who was killed in a colliery accident, was engaged to a girl whom he hoped to have married this New Year. She lived at a distance and he sent her weekly sums towards furnishing their home. As mother is a widow is she not entitled to the return of this money for her own use?

HUMANIST says: Have you considered what your brother's wishes would be in this matter? He intended to make this girl his wife, and the money he sent to her to help in providing their home was a gift. Your mother has no claim on it.

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2 V.D.E.H.F.	40-150
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4 V.B.E.L.F.	20-100
4 V.D.E.L.F.	20-100
4 V.D.E.H.F.	40-150
P.2.Power	60-120

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"Look, George — I've earned another £10 this month!"

Don't envy her—you can do the same

IN all parts of the country, women (and men, too!) are earning £2 and £3 or even more per week at home in their spare time by means of the "Golden Fleece" Home Knitter. The machine is simple to operate and produces perfect work in record time—a pair of socks in 20 minutes and a pair of stockings in half-an-hour. We supply the machine and wool on easiest of terms and buy your work under contract at good price. *In addition*, there is always a big demand in every district for warm home-made socks, etc.

This splendid home money-making plan is fully described in a booklet, a copy of which will be sent post free to every reader of JOHN BULL who uses the coupon below. Get your copy to-day!

These letters will convince you

Dear Sirs, Rogate, Nr. Petersfield.
I am pleased to say that the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine has proved itself to be a "veritable little goldmine," although I only purchased it on March 17th (not three weeks ago). By the aid of your instruction book and the half-hour's instruction received in your knitting parlour by my husband, who came to London to purchase your machine, the working has been mastered, and socks turned out, at a creditable speed, to my idea, considering the short space of time it has been in my possession. The first two pairs of socks I made in three hours, and both pairs sold immediately on sight, at a profit of 1/6 per pair.
Yours respectfully, (Mrs.) A. J. Murray.

Dear Sirs, Liphook, Hants.
Just over three years ago I bought a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine, and it has proved a wonderful investment.
During the past three years I have received from you over £312 in wages for work sent you under my agreement, and I have earned quite a nice sum by selling work locally.
Your machine and work guarantee have proved a very great boon. I am able to turn all my spare half-hours into money by having my machine always at hand. I bless the day when I first heard of your offer of employment.
Yours faithfully, L. Reader.

We Guarantee to buy your work for Three Years

Besides, you can soon work up a lucrative connection among private people and shops. — Come and have a free demonstration—it will be an "eye-opener" to you! If you cannot call, send coupon for Free Booklet.

GOLDEN FLEECE
THE HOME KNITTER

All you have to do is to fill up the coupon attached and send it with a 1½d. stamp to cover postage, when you will receive by return full particulars of the Golden Fleece Home Knitting Machine (together with a copy of the Company's guarantee) wherein it undertakes to purchase your entire output of knitted goods produced to instructions.
THE SOUTH BRITISH MFG. CO., LTD., Dept. 63B, 91, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.1.

"JOHN BULL" COUPON

To THE SOUTH BRITISH MFG. CO., Ltd.,
Dept. 63B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send me your illustrated booklet on Home Knitting. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage. This does not place me under any obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

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"J.B.", Jan. 19, 63B. .....

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INHALANT
cures colds and relieves Catarrh by searching out the germs and clearing all the nasal passages
First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief.
All Chemists, 2/- & 3/-
THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
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HOW TO GET RID OF INDIGESTION.
Those who suffer from indigestion, gastritis, acidity, flatulence, dyspepsia, heartburn, etc., will be glad to learn that instant relief can be obtained by taking half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder, or two or three tablets, in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralises the acid that causes all the trouble, stops the fermentation, heals and soothes the inflamed stomach lining, and restores painless, normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia of your chemist to-day; use as directed, and you will soon be telling your friends how you got rid of indigestion.
NOTE: 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder is now available with Mint flavour as well as in the unflavoured form—both afford instant relief.

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Potter's Asthma Cure makes breathing easy, gives comfort by day and peaceful sleep at night. It works wonders in Bronchitis, Catarrh and Whooping Cough. *Best remedy for Bronchitis of Children.* Keep a tin handy. Entirely free from opiates. Of all chemists 1/6, or direct post free 1/9.
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of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes, together with booklet 'Are you Asthmatic?' which will be forwarded to all who write mentioning this paper and enclosing 2d. stamp. Address:— Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Our Letter Parliament

My STRANGEST PREMONITION

A Foreshadowed Shipwreck—An Ominous Organ—Drama in a Mine

TRAVELLING by train to join my ship, the steam trawler, *Cormoran*, in December, 1925, I had a sudden feeling something would happen on the voyage. On arrival at Fleetwood I brought all my kit on shore, and despite the coaxing of the Master, and the threats of the ship's husband of the consequences, nothing would move me. The vessel sailed without me, and a few days later went on the rocks off the North West of Scotland. The captain was drowned, and the crew suffered terrible hardships before being rescued. My strangest premonition and a lucky escape.—*Thomas Hargreaves, Preston, Lancs.*

Whispered Words

As I sat on a seat in the garden with my husband on July 12, 1914, something whispered into my ear the words: "Posthumous child," and all around the air seemed to resound the same words, in an awed whisper, but plainly spoken. Although I scarcely understood the meaning of the words then, I poignantly became aware of them a few hours afterwards, when I found my dear husband dead from heart failure. A month after my baby was born, alas, a posthumous child—but a darling big boy now.—*A. Lane, Prestbury, Cheshire.*

A Double Warning

I had a remarkable "double" premonition which is often spoken about in our family. When I was aged twelve my mother was bathing my new baby brother. She remarked she must be careful not to let him slip, when in a flash I seemed to see him drowning and said: "He'll be drowned some day." Twenty years later, July, 1925, a similar feeling came over me, and I remarked to my sister that Dick hadn't been drowned yet, but he certainly would be. Only eight hours later news came from Ireland that my brother had lost his life whilst boating on the Shannon that afternoon.—*Mrs. J. K. Walker, Aylesford, Kent.*

A Child's Escape

I am a 'bus conductor, and at the end of our journey, we stand on the corner of a very poor thoroughfare. One night, after taking up a load of passengers, I was on the point of "ringing off" when I had a strange feeling that something was wrong, which caused me to stop and get down. On looking round I found a little child, about four years of age, trying to crawl under the 'bus to recover something. He had both arms under the lifeguard and was actually touching the wheel. Had I "rung off" my driver would have pulled away and with one turn of the wheel would have severed the child's arms.—*K. O. R. R., Regent's Park.*

Top of the List

One day, some eight or more years ago, I saw JOHN BULL's "Bullet" page for the first time. Then and there I saw my own name at the top of the prize-list! I termed it "premonition"—my friends, I fear, "presumption." Never once did I expect to see my name other than at the top, although only a very occasional "target" came my way. It became habit to do my best, and then almost forget my effort, this was true of my effort for "Bullets" No. 686, when to my delighted surprise, my "premonition" came true! May "Bullets," and "Bulleteers" prosper.—*Miss Agnes Paton, Bonnyrigg, Midlothian.*

ORIGINAL letters on the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

When Death Seemed the Only Way Out

Seen in a Dream

One night last April I dreamt that my brother and I were having a conversation in our local park. As he was speaking, a yellow disc came floating towards us, and settled upon his face, completely hiding his features. It was all so weird that I could not forget it. The following day my husband returned from work badly burnt about the arm and face, the whole of his face being covered with a yellow mask of cotton-wool, thus fulfilling my dream of the previous night.—*S. M. J., Boythorpe, Chesterfield.*

The Fatal Blow

One evening in August, 1927, my husband had finished supper, and was having a look at the paper, while I cleared the table. I was in the scullery when I heard a sound like a heavy blow. I came to ask my husband if he had dropped something, but we found nothing. Exactly a week later he was killed by a blow on the head, his skull being fractured.—*Regular Reader, E. Howarth.*

When the Glass Cracked

During August, 1916, while my husband was in France, I was working as a shop assistant, and during one dinner hour, we heard a sudden report. Then one of my companions said: "Look at your tumbler!" A large star-like crack was there, and as I touched the glass, it fell to pieces. Five days later I got news that my husband had been badly wounded, and when we met and compared notes, it transpired that my tumbler cracked at almost the same minute that he was wounded.—*Mrs. A. Sadler, Nottingham.*

Three Days' Suspense

In July, 1925, our youngest boy left school and commenced work. He went down the road very proudly, and I watched him go with strange misgivings. I wanted to call him back. All went well the first day, but for the next three days the awful suspense continued. On his fourth day he was taken ill, and seven days later, died. I shall never forget the awful anxiety of those eleven days or the strange premonition I received while watching him walking down the street.—*E. R., Saltley, Birmingham.*

The Phantom Organist?

While my brother-in-law was in France I lived with his wife for company. One night I thought I heard our neighbour playing the "Dead March" on the organ. All the evening it rang in my ears, and I said: "I wish Mr. —— would stop playing that 'Dead March.'" My sister heard nothing. Next day we learnt that our neighbour had been out and the organ untouched. A fortnight later, however, Mr. —— played the march at my brother-in-law's memorial service, and also for my sister's brother-in-law. Both had made the supreme sacrifice.—*Mrs. J. Wade, Gorton.*

* * *

£500 Insurance Benefits for two Registered Readers. See page 2.

Kate's Baby

I had not seen my people for some considerable time, and it flashed through my mind one day "my sister Kate's got a baby." I was staggered for the moment as I had no cause to think such a thing, and dismissed it as a freak of my imagination. But I went home some months later, and my mother met me at the station carrying a baby. I asked whose it was, and mother replied: "One I am minding." I said quite confidently, "It is Kate's." Mother looked thunderstruck, for my "guess" proved correct.—*A. A. J. G., Watertree, Liverpool.*

A Shipwreck Story

I served as apprentice in the barque *Blencathra*, of Whitehaven, on a passage from Glasgow to Sydney. The ship was lost on King's Island, Bass's Straits, and, the night before, I was forewarned of the disaster in a dream. I saw the ship ashore on rocks covered with seaweed, and all the crew saved, and a gentleman taking note of what personal belongings we had lost. Everything came true with the exception of the gentleman, whom I have not seen yet. That happened in February, 1875.—*Mr. J. Newton, Langharne, Carmarthenshire.*

A Miner's "Warning"

For several years I drove an electric haulage engine in a mine. One day whilst sitting at the motor I became very conscious of something being wrong at the top of the incline. Immediately stopping the engine, I picked up my safety-lamp and went to the top of the bank, 500 yards away. There to my horror I found that the young man at the top had become entangled with the rope and had been dragged nearly fifty yards to within 2 ft. of the return wheel. If the engine had gone another yard he would have been cut in two!—*S. M., Ashington.*

* * *

Letters in Little

Why not give the condemned murderer the choice of either imprisonment for life, or death?—*Alexander L. Mark, London, S.E.8.*

We do not give babies adult's food and expect them to thrive, neither should we teach youngsters in advance of their years and expect them to be clear-headed. *H. B. Steyning.*

The price of paraffin seems to be on a "get what you can" basis, and the poor are hit the hardest as usual.—*A Consumer, Surrey.*

I set out to go to the pictures, leaving my five children, the eldest aged ten, at home. Something seemed to urge me not to go.—*J. N. T., Newcastle.*

In one Rhondda street there are seven Non-Conformist and two Established Churches. Not more than 25 per cent. of the combined seating accommodation is ever used!—*Kate Mary, Penygraig*

PERFECT DIGESTION

RESTORED by

CICFA

Stomach Indigestion is caused by interference with the formation of the natural Digestive Ferments.

Fermentation speedily follows, creating Acidity, with consequent Heartburn and distress, and often pain.

Alkalis counteract the Acidity, but have no beneficial effect upon the Fermentation, which is the cause of the Acidity.

To check the Fermentation and so the Acidity, and thus secure relief, you must restore the natural Digestive Ferments.

That is what occurs when Cicfa is taken.

Steady improvement in digestion is continued all the way down the alimentary tract, the nourishment is absorbed, the waste products are eliminated, and a feeling of fitness follows.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home often causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Indigestion. Take Cicfa.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS.

- Sharp Neuralgic Headaches.
- Acid in Stomach with Heartburn.
- Tongue coated in front.
- Complexion Blemishes.
- Appetite Variable.
- Pains darting through Chest.
- Burning Spot behind Left Shoulder Blade.
- Dull Heavy Headaches.
- Acidity causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- Tongue coated at back.
- Complexion Impaired.
- Eating disliked. Biliousness.
- Pain and Constipation.

"I Can Eat Anything."

"Gentlemen,—It may interest you to know that I have been a sufferer from Indigestion for a number of years. I have tried lots of so-called remedies, with indifferent results.

"A friend of mine induced me to try Cicfa tablets. Thank goodness I did. After taking some bottles of your tablets I was immensely relieved. I used to hate the sight of food, but now I can sit down and eat a good hearty meal, in fact I can eat anything. I cannot recommend them too highly. I feel 20 years younger. Make what use of this testimonial you like. (Signed) J. D."

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JOHN BULL 19/1/29

FREE Competition-open to All

Seize your opportunity!

FIRST PRIZE **£500** *for* **Correct Estimate**

Of Births and Deaths in the principal towns of Great Britain for week ending January 26th.

MUST BE WON **£100**

For nearest forecast, if absolutely correct figures are not received. Also

20 PRIZES

of Shopping Vouchers for 30s. each.

30 PRIZES

of Shopping Vouchers for 20s. each.

HERE is an opportunity to win a handsome prize by the exercise of a little careful thought. Even though you may not send in an absolutely correct estimate, you will stand a good chance of winning the £100 or one of the fifty other worth-while prizes, *all of which must be won.* Don't let this this chance slip—read the conditions, weigh up in your mind the figures for the corresponding period last year, which are given below, then complete the coupon and post it off. Remember you stand just as good a chance as any other reader of this paper.

The World's Best Soap Value!

FAIRY Olive Oil SOAP is really three soaps in one, and so economical. It is a firm, lasting soap that lathers quickly in hard or soft water, and being rich in Olive Oil, it keeps your hands soft and smooth. Buy FAIRY SOAP . . . in the carton . . . this week.

16-oz. Twin-Bar Carton

6½d.

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Remember the Fairies on the Carton are worth a farthing each. This immediate dividend reduces the cost of FAIRY SOAP to you. Save these FAIRY panels . . . your dealer will accept them instead of cash.

Simple Conditions! NO Entrance Fee!

A prize of £500 is offered every week for an absolutely correct estimate of the week's Births and Deaths in the 107 Great Towns in England and Wales.

If no correct estimate is received, a prize of £100 will be given to the nearest forecast. For the 50 next best entries are 20 Shopping Vouchers for 20/-, and 30 Shopping Vouchers for 10/- and 30 Shopping Vouchers for 20/-, making a total prize list of £560 offered weekly. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be equally divided.

Write your estimate on the entry form below, attach one of the orange seals from a FAIRY SOAP carton 6½d., 5d., or 3d. size, and send to us. The 5d. Carton carries one seal, but the 6½d. and 3d. cartons carry two seals, and give you two chances of winning. Use the entry form in the carton for your second entry.

Your name and address must be written in capitals on the back of the envelope and, in addition, the block letters "J.B." in the top left-hand corner.

Entries must reach us by the first post Thursday, January 24th.

The correct figures will be published in the "Daily Mail" on Saturday, February 2nd.

CLAIMS.—If your estimate is correct or within 20 of either of the official figures, or if the total error on any one coupon does not exceed 100, send a postcard (bearing PENNY stamp) marked "CLAIM" in capital letters, so as to reach us not later than first post, Wednesday, February 6th.

Further particulars are printed on the Entry Form in the Fairy Soap Carton.

This will help you!

To make estimating as simple as possible for you, we give below the Births and Deaths Returns for the 107 Great Towns of England and Wales for the four weeks of December, 1928:

	Births.	Deaths.
1st week	6,287	4,792
2nd week	5,973	4,829
3rd week	6,234	5,578
4th week	4,535	5,410

Use these figures as a guide to win £500!

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USE THIS FREE COUPON

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Address this to:
Messrs. THOS. HEDLEY & Co., Ltd., Fairy Soap Works (Dept. J.B.), NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

I estimate that the number of Births and Deaths in the 107 Great Towns in England and Wales for the week ending January 26th to be

BIRTHS..... DEATHS.....

(Keep a copy of these figures, so that you can make a claim if justified.)

I agree to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Managing Director of Messrs. Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd.

NAME .....

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RESULT week ending December 29th. As no one succeeded in giving a correct estimate and winning the £500 Prize, the **£100 IS AWARDED** for nearest estimate to J. Duncan, 8 Stanley Street, Glasgow. S.1. Births: 4597. Deaths: 5435. (Subject to Scrutiny). **The Fifty other Prizewinners** have been advised of the results of their entries. Full list of Prizewinners will be sent post free from the makers.

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

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FOOTBALL

LISTS ON APPLICATION. — "DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

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5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

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FOOTBALL

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED. BOOK OPEN ON FOOTBALL CUP.

HALF-BRED RACERS

O.K., but Barred from the Stud Book

ONE comes across many bloomers in racing notes. I read the other day that the governing bodies of the sport of Kings, the Jockey Club, and the National Hunt Committee, were formed round about the same year.

AS a matter of fact, the National Hunt Committee was not born until 1866, nearly thirty years after Lottery had won the first Grand National, and, probably, its formation would have been unnecessary if its elder brother had decided to take charge of steeplechasing.

THE origin of steeplechasing is uncertain, but we would appear to owe it to Ireland, where organised meetings were in full swing in 1800.

A LITTLE authentic information goes back farther, as there is a manuscript, dated 1752, in existence, which describes a sporting affair between two horsemen over four and a half miles of country. The match started at the Church of Buttevant and finished under the spire, or steeple, of the Church of St. Leger.

THE rogues of the race-courses were responsible for the formation of the National Hunt Committee. When the sport had gripped the imagination over here, in addition to Aintree, courses sprang up at Leamington, St. Albans, Aylesbury, and other centres.

THE "boys" made a happy hunting-ground of the meetings, and so many winning backers were relieved of their swag that a general outcry was made to the Jockey Club to take steps to deal with them. The ruling body turned a deaf ear to the clamour, and, as a result, the National Hunt Committee was formed.

ALTHOUGH this was over sixty years ago, one of the champions of the Committee is still with us, the grand old Earl of Coventry. We do not see many of his horses sporting silk these days, but few of us will forget his last great success. Verdict's thrilling neck defeat of the famous Epinard in the Cambridgeshire. The Earl won the Grand National in 1863 and '64 with Emblem and Emblematic.

FROM time to time a large number of readers have asked me for information about half-bred horses, as the term suggests that they are not up to standard. They are not as regards their breeding, but otherwise they are all right.

AT one time the guardians of the General Stud Book insisted that the owners of an animal claiming admission had to prove a satisfactory pedigree for at least a century. Nowadays, it is harder still to get into these pages. No horse or mare is eligible unless both its sire and dam have been accepted in the earlier volumes of the book.

Jack Anthony, the popular ex-jockey, who now trains Easter Hero

THE stock of a stallion or mare not in the General Stud Book are not easy to sell, and agencies who buy for abroad will not consider them, but this does not detract from their racing ability. Beachcomber and O'Curry are half-breds, and so was the famous sprinter Irish Elegance.

THE entry for the Grand National is studded with half-breds, and huge sums have been paid and offered by wealthy owners whose ambition it is to win this great race.

EASTER HERO, Mr. J. H. Whitney's £10,000 purchase, is not in the sacred pages. Neither is Carfax, for whom £6,000 was offered last season. Another is Ruddyman, bought by Mr. Gordon Selfridge. In any event, this trio are useless for stud purposes as they are not entire.

THE compilers of the weights for the first of the Spring handicaps have not taken any chance with the American "crack," Reigh Count, and I do not expect to see him in the Lincolnshire or Liverpool Cup fields. But until the colt has had an outing or two—and failed—he is not likely to be treated leniently.

REIGH COUNT won the Kentucky Derby in brilliant style, and some tall stories have been circulated about his amazing times on the dirt tracks. Personally, I take these yarns with a grain of salt, as in America the horses are not clocked until they reach a full gallop.

IN the States they have a starting gate, and a starting pole, the gate being about twenty yards in the rear of the pole. The horses are off from the gate, but the clock is not set until the leader or leaders flash by the pole. It stands to reason that times should be fast. Our method of setting the clock from the "off," seems fairer; it levels up the fast and slow beginners.

IT is difficult to accept at its face value the report that Phil Scott and Carpentier are to fight in the open air at Wembley. Two factors alone are against the project. Firstly, Carpentier has done no boxing for well over a year, and is past his best; secondly, it is stated that the French star would require not less than £20,000 for his services

THIS sum, I fancy, puts the fight right off the map so far as Great Britain is concerned. The money could be got in America, but not here. If Carpentier was paid £20,000, Scott would surely not be content with less than £10,000, so that with minor fights and the enormous incidental expenses entailed, the promoters would need a "gate" of £50,000 to show a profit.

THE only previous big fight at Wembley—between Tom Gibbons, of America, and Jack Bloomfield—needed to attract only £15,000 to pay expenses. Yet it drew nothing like that sum, and the unfortunate promoter was left bankrupt.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

D X S Q 3 Z P T C J A N H 2

O G B V W I E K L Y F U M R

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be.

XPUP2FCFOQFULP would read GENERAL ADVANCE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, January 16, to Tuesday, January 22.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily, sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

"Bullets" Prize-Winners

(*Continued from page 35*)

5 £10 Prize-winners:

W. FEEGAN, South Allington, Kingsbridge, Devon. COMING DOWN TO EARTH—AMANULLAH, AFTER AFGHAN "RECEPTION."

Mrs. ION, 165, Wigan Road, Hindley. BRAVE WOMAN—LIVES ALONE—BRAVER, MARRIED.

W. MURCHE, 3, Henderson Road, Wandsworth, S.W. HE MARRIED HER, AND—STOPPED GOLF—SHE SWEARS.

T. H. ROBERTS, 122, Pembroke Road, Seven Kings. COMING DOWN TO EARTH—"FOR SALE—MISERY LET."

B. W. SKINNER, 30, Glengariff Street, L'pool. QUEUEING UP—AT CHURCH—CARETAKER WANTED.

10 £5 Prize-winners:

F. J. Bignall, 30, Wolseley Road, Portslade.
R. Brazier, 71, Waterloo Promenade, Nottingham.
F. Bryant, "Bassett," Knyveton Road, Bournemouth.
M. Chapman, 3, Chubb Hill, Whitby, Yorks.
A. Gilbert, 24, Elm Grove, Hammersmith, W.
A. Jenkins, 34, Milner Road, Chadwell Heath.
H. S. Nicholson, 31, Porter Street, Hull.
Mrs. N. Smith, Rose Dene, Gerrans, Portscatho.
D. Thomas, 4, Station Road, Cymmer.
G. Thomas, 14, Charles Row, Maesteg, Glam.

20 £2 2s. Prize-winners:

Miss M. Braxwell, Upton Towans, Hayle; Mrs. Buckby, 9, Diana Street, Scunthorpe; A. Charles, 11, Gertrude Road, Norwich; J. Corgan, 10, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin; R. Foice, 280, Haydon's Road, Wimbledon; W. Francesco, 38, Carlisle Street, Marylebone; Miss M. Hazelwood, 120, Park Lane, Darlington; J. Henderson, 16a, Majoribanks Street, Bathgate; Miss L. Hollam, 15, Alfriston Road, Seaford; H. Horton, 28, Milton Road, Margate; G. Humphreys, Brickhouse, Eccleston, Chorley; R. Jenkin, 8, Burlington Road, Blackpool; J. Mutton, 128, Marrowbrook Lane, Farnborough; C. Neale, 201, St. Mark's Road, London, W.; T. Parrott, 15, Alexwood Road, Eltham, S.E.; Mrs. Plumb, 18, East Park Avenue, Hull; Mrs. Stephens, 5, Jerold Street, Hr. Ardwick, M/c; D. Streeting, "Hollywood," Elmstone, Canterbury; G. Wilson, 1,259, Govan Road, Glasgow; E. Yates, 37, Rossmore Gardens, L'pool.

A list of 100 £1 1s. winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all Prize-winners. Any reader can receive a copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, on application to the Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, W.C.2, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope.

A list of 350 12/6 and 500 Surprise Gift Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 702 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" No. 703.

First Prize, £300—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—Fourth Prize, £20—Fifth Prize, £18—Sixth Prize, £16—Seventh Prize, £14—Eighth Prize, £12—Ninth Prize, £10—Tenth Prize, £8—10 Prizes of £5—50 "Bullets Fivers"—500 Prizes of 2/6—6,000 New Target Prizes. Full list of Examples below:—

The Public—Hero Of The Hour—Everybody's Wondering—What She Doesn't Know—Tells A Tale—Thanks To The B.B.C.—Foreigners—Early Bird—Signing On—Eventually—Only To Be Expected—Under Control—Taking Father's Advice—On The Brink—All I Hear Is—Another Million—Quarrels—Over The Road—Hobbs and Sutcliffe—I Love Baby—But—Not Exciting Enough—All Day Long—Man Of Experience—In Our Hearts—Like Nothing On Earth—Thinking—Value For Money—He Never Dreamed—In Honour Bound—Barriers—Coyly—"Well Done, England!"

(Closing date, Saturday, February 2nd).

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Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 34.

GREAT SALE OF RAINCOATS
including the famous
"SARTOR 4 in 1"
with "RAINEX" Interlining

Proved by grateful thousands to be Rainproof, Coldproof and Windproof
Send to-day for FREE PATTERNS and simple self-measurement form.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

This remarkable coat has four-fold protection.
1. Outer Coat of Triple-proofed Gabardine.
2. The guaranteed waterproof "RAINEX," an interlining that no amount of rain can penetrate.
3. Cosy check lining.
4. Snug, fleecy-wool lining, detachable.

In all Styles for Ladies and Gentlemen.

SALE PRICE **30/-**
Carriage paid in British Isles.

Write to-day for the Sartor Sale Catalogue. It is teeming with Guaranteed Bargains in Rainwear at prices from 12/6d.

SARTOR
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. J.B. MANCHESTER

Call and inspect the Sartor garments at any of our

BRANCHES:
LONDON—101, Regent Street, W.1; 220, Tottenham Court Road, W.1; 129, Oxford Street, W.1; 6, Cheapside, E.C.4.
MANCHESTER—53, Oxford Road.
WARRINGTON—16, Horsemarket.

THE FINEST

SOUNDBOX IN THE WORLD

1/- DOWN

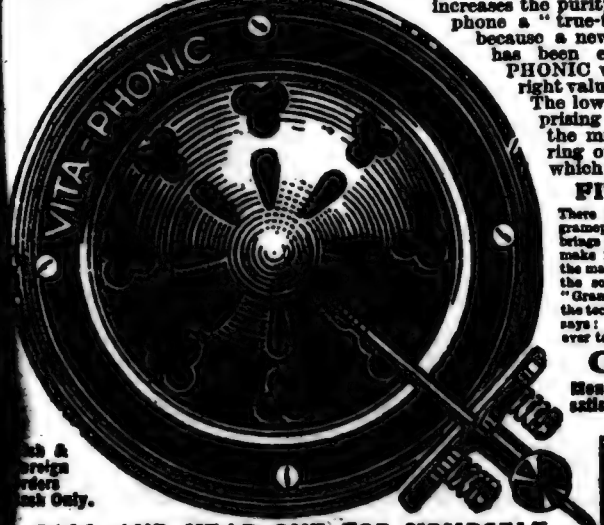
One of the cleverest inventions of the age, the VITA-PHONIC SUPER SOUNDBOX has revolutionised the gramophone. It is so powerful in reproduction that it gives the smallest portable the volume of the most expensive cabinet models. It is truly

AN AMAZING INVENTION

and it looks exactly like an ordinary soundbox and costs no more. There are no gadgets to fit on—it requires no fixing or unfixing of special parts. All you have to do is to take off your existing soundbox and slip on the VITA-PHONIC. This immediately

DOUBLES THE VOLUME

increases the purity and gives your gramophone a "true-to-nature" tone. This is because a new method of amplification has been embodied in the VITA-PHONIC which brings out in their right values the whole musical range. The low notes boom out in a surprising depth and purity, whilst the middle tones and high notes ring out with a clarion clearness which is almost unbelievable.



FITS ANY MAKE

There is no need to purchase expensive gramophones, because the VITA-PHONIC brings them all up to one level. No special make is needed—you have only to tell us the make of your machine and we send you the soundbox with the right fitting. The "Gramophone and Talking Machine News," the technical paper for the gramophone lover, says: "It is the best soundbox they have ever tested."

GUARANTEE

Money returned in full if you are not satisfied and send the soundbox back within 7 days.

When ordering, be sure to state the make of your gramophone, and mention if soundbox slips over or into the tone arm.

CALL AND HEAR ONE FOR YOURSELF.

VITA-PHONIC SUPER SOUNDBOX

As an advertisement we will send a Vita-Phonic on receipt of the first deposit of 1/- and your promise to pay the balance by 6 weekly payments of 2/-, making a total of 13/- (Cash price, 10/6). Send your remittance to-day, and remember that you can make a substantial saving if you send the balance within 7 days. You will never have the chance again to secure such a wonderful soundbox. It doubles the value of any existing gramophone.

UNIVERSAL SALES CO. (Dept. 19), Mitre House, 177, Regent St., London, W.1.

Sore Throat?

MUSTEROLE

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Spread this clean, white ointment over throat and chest. Its tingling warmth goes penetrating deep down to the congested theses—takes away the pain, soothes away the soreness. Instantly you feel the relief.

At all Chemists.

Musterole Fine Products Co., Ltd., London

FREE
ECZEMA

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed.

Send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd.,
Medical Skin Specialists,
BRADFORD, YORKS.

Handsome Cash Prizes are offered by the proprietors of "Diploma Cheese" (p. 25), "Wright's Coal Tar Soap" (p. 14), and "Fairy Olive Oil Soap" (p. 29). A Free Sample of Colgates Dental Cream is also offered to readers forwarding coupon on p. 25

Bald Men Grow Hair

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is Desired.

Was Quite Bald

Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different Treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else **have to wear a wig.**

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that **I was quite bald** and **my head was as shiny as could be** when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and **now I have got a good head of hair again,** as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) **P. TUCKER.**

Full Growth of Hair

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

Dublin.

When I began using Kotalko I was bald. At the sides over the ears, and at the back, there was some hair, but on the whole of the crown of my head, from the forehead backwards, **there was no hair at all.**

I used Kotalko on the scalp until I noticed signs of a slight down on parts of the head. Then **I knew the roots were not dead after all,** so I went on using Kotalko, and gradually **the down changed into real hair** which kept on growing, until at last the whole of my head was covered with a **full growth of hair in its natural colour** just as it used to be.

Everyone who knows me has been surprised at seeing the hair growing again, and several of my friends have already ordered Kotalko, and are **highly satisfied** with it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) **Thomas Hayes.**

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko, with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

100,000 TESTING BOXES

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

TESTED JB

SEND OR COPY THIS COUPON

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 N.D.), LONDON, W.1.

Earn Money at home like this

in comfort with the IMPERIA KNITTER

THE IMPERIA KNITTER enables you to make money in your own home with certainty and regularity, money to save if you work only now and then, money to live on in comfort if you make it your occupation. All sorts of useful and beautiful articles can be produced, from hosiery to jumpers and even Knitted Costumes. We show you how to work the IMPERIA KNITTER, and at once you can begin to earn. There is no risk about it, no worry, no uncertainty of any kind, because **WE GUARANTEE TO BUY YOUR WORK** and pay the best rates, or you can sell to private customers and shops as well, if you want to, and soon work up a sound little business. Even in spare time it is easy to make a pound or more a week. DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE. Call at our showrooms and see the IMPERIA KNITTER in action. It is the latest perfection of Knitting Machines, imitated but never equalled. If you can't call, write for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK and learn more about this golden opportunity.

Mrs. F. earned nearly £3 a week working for us at home in her spare time making socks, stockings, etc.

The Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd.
Dept. J.B.4.), 245, Tottenham Court Rd.,
LOND ON, W.1.

Beautiful Illustrated Book Free

WONDERFUL NEW HEALTH

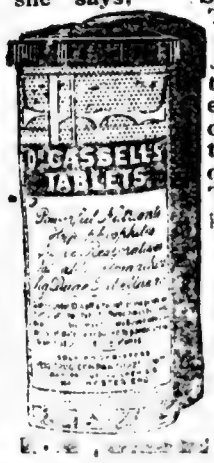
A TRIUMPH OF NOURISHMENT

22nd October, 1928.

"I feel I should just like to write and tell you the wonderful things Cassell's have done for me. I had a very bad illness this time last year, and have since been a nervous wreck with Gastric trouble. I think I tried every kind of remedy to get well, but they all failed. A month ago I read an announcement of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in the paper, and since then have been taking them with wonderful results. I can go out and do my day's work (I am a widow) and come home and attend to my home duties and my two children. My friends can hardly believe I am the same person. I shall never be able to speak too highly of Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

Mrs. M. Neale,
18, Sydney Road,
Watford, Herts.

JUST over a month ago, people knew Mrs. Neale as a weary woman struggling bravely against ill-health. Now she is so well and strong-looking that her friends almost failed to recognise her. "What have you been taking?" they ask, and when she says, "Simply CASSELL'S TABLETS" they are amazed at the wonderful results. But thousands of sufferers, in warm letters of praise, amplify the happy experience of Mrs. Neale.



This is not surprising when you remember that CASSELL'S TABLETS are a scientific tonic prepared with scrupulous care, so that the weakest system may assimilate the rich nourishment with ease and without danger. It is the rich nourishment which Cassell's supply to the nervous system, the blood stream, and through the digestive system, that is such a valuable factor in the building up of robust health and strength. We do not hesitate to say that, in conjunction with ordinary care and plenty of sleep, CASSELL'S TABLETS is one of the finest nerve and dyspeptic treatments in existence. Start with CASSELL'S TABLETS to-day and you will soon be well.

NOURISHMENT is the ONLY REAL ANSWER to bad nerves and indigestion. Your DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU that palliatives, stimulants and sedatives are no REAL remedy for nerve and dyspeptic troubles. He will tell you that SPECIAL NOURISHMENT is the only REAL REMEDY; because ONLY nourishment can restore the depleted nerve cells and impaired digestion to health and strength. This nourishment can be obtained in two ways: (1) By a long stay in a nursing home with special diet; or (2) BY A COURSE OF A GOOD TONIC, getting as much rest as possible and avoiding worry. This way suits most cases—WHEN the TONIC IS CASSELL'S TABLETS.

Wonderful recovery at 79!

"I am 79 years old, and have been a sufferer for twenty years. My complaint was chronic indigestion, with stomach cough, and flatulence; due to nervous depression. One day I read a Dr. Cassell's advertisement; and decided to try them. I would not be without them now. I can eat and sleep well, my cough has gone, and I am able to go for regular rides on my bicycle."—Mr. George Tinson, 23, Tugela Road, Chippenham.

TAKE CASSELL'S FOR ANÆMIA, HEADACHES, NEURASTHENIA, STOMACH PAINS, FLATULENCE, INSOMNIA, etc., etc. 1/3 & 3/-

CASSELL'S TABLETS

JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

F. F. (Watford).—"I missed the last train home." Did you catch it?

C. M. (Chelsea).—"I want to learn to skate." Agreed.

J. F. (Shrewsbury).—"I'm starting to grow a beard—wish me luck!" All right—chin-chin!

W. R. (Boscombe).—"Where there's a will there's a way." And where there's a will there's a sway.

Mrs. H. S. (Leigh).—"It's better to give than to receive." But a jolly sight more expensive.

T. G. (Crystal Palace).—"I couldn't hear a word the comedian said." Perhaps he considers himself too funny for words.

G. S. (Olton).—"I deserve a feather in my cap." At present you seem to have a wren in your bonnet.

G. N. (Grange).—"I've left the Army many years now." It's still carrying on rough.

P. W. (Holyhead).—"Do you know of any device to keep down gas bills?" Paper-weights.

M. C. (Melksham).—"What do you think I got for the articles I sent in on my birthday?" Many happy returns.

E. G. (Stalham).—"An Englishman dresses very quietly." Except when he loses his collar stud.

P. B. (Fulwell).—"Some men turn out different after marriage." And some turn out indifferent.

J. McC. (Aberdeen).—"What do you think I wanted three pennyworth of rat poison for?" Twopence.

J. S. (St. Albans).—"I can't think why women want with so many new hats." New dresses to go with them.

J. S. (Rainham).—"What do you think he said when I offered her a pet donkey?" This is so sudden!

J. P. (Sudbury).—"It costs more to be divorced than to be married." And often worth more.

J. R. (Swinton).—"Some women buy things on the instalment system." And get them the same way.

NORRIS (Shoreham). — "I and my fiancé want to have an aeroplane honeymoon." Why? You'll be able to fly all out cheaper than that.

J. R. (Epsom).—"I have resolved to write to you once a week." Thank goodness! New Year resolutions are seldom kept!

J. H. (Watford).—"The party was a great success, although I had a cold and couldn't sing." For "although," read "because."

J. R. (Chelsea).—"Why do people send in poetry when you seldom publish any?" We don't know. Spite, perhaps.

P. R. (Cambridge).—"I am a young engineer with vast ambitions." Well, there's plenty of scope. The whole world is out of gear.

L. R. (London, N.).—"I rang up the number and he was at the house within 10 minutes." Exceptional telephone. Exceptional plumber.

A. W. (Yeovil).—"Do you consider draughts dangerous?" We've never heard of anybody being injured while playing it.

R. B. (Dublin).—"Although he didn't catch anything at the fishing competition he managed to get a prize." Evidently he wangled better than he angled.

F. K. (Kinloss).—"Do women count?" Everything but the cost.

MADGE (Chesham).—"I am well fitted for the battle of life." How many engagements have you been in?

DORA (Coventry).—"Three years ago I fell in love with a Barking tradesman." Heavens! what was he barking for?

T. T. (Kendal).—"I'm quite a star at after-dinner speechifying." The fuller you get the brighter you shine?

"HOUSEWIFE" (Poplar).—"What is the best way to judge the age of a fowl." By the teeth. If it's tough, it's old.

R. T. (Clapton).—"She always turns her head when I pass." That won't hurt you, if you don't let her turn yours.

J. C. R. (Bedford).—"My son spends a lot of time sitting on the fence and talking to the boy next door." It looks as if he will make a politician.

F. M. (Vancouver).—"The letters I write to you travel thousands of miles." And the trouble is that none of them seem to lose their way.

L. B. (Richmond).—"I would write a play only I have no ideas for a plot." Lack of ideas doesn't stop the average dramatists from writing plays.

F. M. (London, S.).—"Nowadays when a youth gets a rise he buys a two-seater on the instalment plan." And is often towed home by a plain van.

R. T. (Flaunden).—"He shook hands with me in a conceited sort of way." He was congratulating you on having met him.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors are not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—"When the ceremony ended he TUCKED HIS WIFE'S

HEAD UNDER HIS ARM, bundled her into his motor-car and drove away."

"DAILY SKETCH":—". . . had to dash from the exhibition to the bazaar in a taxi WEARING BLACK SILK PYJAMAS."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"The Vicomtesse was seized with influenza and now I hear that the Vicomte has been operated on for appendicitis at . . . OTHERWISE THEY ARE QUITE WELL.

"THE BRITISH BAKER.":—"The top of the cake must be carefully covered with WHOLE OR SPLIT GROUND ALMONDS—in most cases accurately placed in design."

"ABERDEEN BONACCORD":—"The registrar's report for quarter ending . . . is: Three burials, ONE DEATH and no marriages."

A. N. (Fawley).—"I have become rich through hard work." Whose?

EDGAR (Cambridge).—"I'm all behind-hand with my studies." Pursue them.

F. H. (Ely).—"The wisest men change their minds sometimes." Or allow their wives to think they do.

B. W. (Hoxton).—"Is it unlucky to postpone a wedding?" No, it's unlucky to stop postponing it.

BESSIE (Maidenhead).—"There seems nothing left that I can count on." What about your fingers?

G. B. (Silsden).—"Our new maid is industrious, punctual and smart." When does she start?

H. W. (Lye).—"You can't imagine the number of editors who have published my articles." It's unnecessary; you've already imagined them yourself.

V. M. (Rochford).—"If my maid requires an extra day off, I always try to meet her." Doesn't her young man object?

W. R. (Exeter).—"Would my articles stand a better chance of being accepted if they were typewritten." No, we should then be able to read them.

S. M. (Fairfax).—"There's a fool in every family." Most of them think the other members are, and are generally right.

C. J. (Balham).—"I have read every word of the enclosed pamphlet. What do you think of it?" We are wondering how you read the pages that are uncut.

C. E. (Anerley).—"Some actors don't at all like other actors taking them off." But they dislike managers doing it still more.

H. N. (Doncaster).—"There must be a lot of money in records." Well, there's plenty for you in that *Bullets* Record on page 35. Somebody's going to dance to the tune of 700 Guineas.

G. K. (Lincoln).—"Six months ago my husband went out to telephone, but he never returned to me." He really should have got through by this.

G. F. (Kew).—"I called to press my suit." If you wanted to make an impression you should have pressed your suit first.

A. H. (Leeds).—"You'll see by this that I have a habit of speaking straight from the shoulder." Next time try higher up.

D. M. (Shepperton).—"Floods are predicted in the Thames Valley." We understand that the crews of many bungalows are already looking round for a suitable winter anchorage.

L. J. (Colchester).—"Though I should love to be an M.P., I should hate the possibility of being kicked out." You'd be afraid, in fact, of an attack on your seat.

B. E. (Merton). — "Though very fashionably dressed, he behaved so badly that he was ordered to leave the dance-hall at once." Smartly turned out in every sense, it seems.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

(a) What famous man will shortly be on the staff of "John Bull"?

(b) When will the issue of "John Bull" dated February 2 be on sale?

(c) What great improvements are going to take place in "John Bull"?

(d) What great offer will shortly be made to every reader of "John Bull"?

Our Free Advice Service:

Are you Worried? If so, let JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service help you. Send brief particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope, and our experts will tackle your problems for you.*

W. D. (Swindon).—"Why does a Scotsman say 'hae' instead of 'have'?" It saves a "v."

N. F. C. (Bredon).—"There are no really clever people nowadays." But there are some who think they are.

SCOTTIE (London).—"My heart's in the Highlands." And where's the rest of ye?

Miss L. (Southend). — "Even my parents don't seem to understand me." You appear to be like the Derating Bill.

D. O. (Sutton).—"Time doesn't concern me in the least." Pawned your watch?

Mrs. G. (Sheerness).—"I often go to the homes of the suffering poor and talk to them for hours." No wonder they suffer.

F. G. (Kingston).—"No plays end happily nowadays." No, they simply won't refund money at modern box offices.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Sudden pains in the back, limbs aching with short, painful twitching, headache, "dead-tired" feeling, worn-out, sleepless—Nature flashes her signals to the brain, disclosing only too often deep-seated kidney trouble.

Why do you go on suffering day after day, month after month, when a host of men, once suffering as you do, many bed-ridden, have come from "untold agonies," terrible depression to splendid vigour and vitality? If you want health, you can, inexpensively, without interference with your work, start this very moment building strength and ending pain. Just go to your chemist. Ask him to give his candid opinion and tell you whether De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills can be relied on in cases of rheumatism, kidney trouble, loss of vitality. He will surely tell you that you will be very wise to invest 3/- in a box of this 40-year-old, world-famous remedy. There is no mystery about

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Your chemist can tell you all about the prescription clearly printed on the box. Furthermore, he sells this remedy under distinct guarantee that in 24 hours you will see and know the pills have started their health-restoring action. If not, your money is refunded. Why not let De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills start you on the road to health to-day? Go to your chemist and get your supply, take them regularly. You will be amazed how quickly your health will improve.

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Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all 52/6
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ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE.
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FREE GIFT
A NATIONAL JAZZ SET

THE HOLLYWOOD UKE-BANJO
With free Self-Tutor and extra strings. In one hour you can play those haunting melodies of the Southern Seas.
Superb instrument (7 inch solid oak, nickel bezel and brass frets) with real Jazz Band tone. Send 1/- with order, then 2/- weekly (16/6 in all).
SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER. Purchasers paying cash down or completing payments in 6 weeks (or less) receive the above "National" Jazz Set—13 articles. (F.) HAND & CO., 21, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.
1/- DOWN

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SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.
Trims as it Combs

2/- Post Free.
Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat.
Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it.
FREE A Waving Comb will be given free to all sending for above.
J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2

WONDERFUL OFFER DIRECT FROM MAKERS
The Very Latest Style in Ladies' & Gent's Heavy LEATHERETTE COATS
WITH FLEECE LINING.

Well tailored and finished. Belted, double-breasted—reinforced buttons. Pockets fleece lined. Suits against rain, icy winds and extreme cold. No better Coat for motoring, sports or business wear 28/6
LADIES': All sizes, shades, Lido Blue, Wine, Coriar, Fawn, etc. GENT'S: All sizes, in Tan. (Large special sizes 1/6 extra). Money back guarantee. State length and colour desired and add 1/- for postage.
F. FRANKS & SON,
Manufacturers (Dept. F.), Cromford House, Manchester

WHIPCORD TROUSERS

To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of 5/11
Postage 9d.
Over 40 in. waist 1s. extra. These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pocket, and as TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.
NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford, E.

ONE WEEK ONLY—SURPLUS STOCK
500 Complete BEDDING SETS 500

Cash or C.O.D:
1 pair Heavy White Bordered Blankets, whipped edges, double bed.
1 pair Heavy Twill Bolton Sheets, double bed.
1 pretty Alhambra Quilt, double bed, lovely colours.
1 fine White Bolster Case.
2 fine White Pillow Cases.
2 Turkish Hand Towels.
FREE GIFT Charming Ladies Work Bag with every order.
All for 20/- Carr. Paid.
Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.),
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Genuine Young TALKING PARROT with Cage from 30/-

Hello-
Guaranteed Young Singing Canaries 10/-
WRITE, 'PHONE or CALL:
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'Phones: 5272, 5273, 5274, 5275 Museum.
Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Men in regular employment appointed as Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.
Illustrated Catalogue Free.
NO OUTLAY OR PREMIUM.
Enquiries for Reading District.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON, S.W.11.
FEB 29

A DISGRACEFUL BURGLARY

Aged Victim's Plight

TO steal deliberately from a poor woman is unspeakably mean. We hope, therefore, that the thief who broke into an old lady's home on Boxing night, and stole the money he found there and what little jewellery she possessed will get his just deserts.

This old lady had locked up her dwelling that evening, and gone to attend a service at her church.

Imagine her consternation when, on her return, she found her home had been broken into, and her jewellery stolen, together with £3 8s. in cash.

She says, simply, that the loss of the jewellery did not trouble her in the least, but the loss of the money came as a terrible blow, because 18s. of it represented her fortnight's rent, which she had no means of replacing.

How could she? She is a widow of sixty-eight, in receipt of parish relief, which leaves her with 3s. 6d. to live on, after she has paid her rent, firing, light and insurance. Moreover, she is crippled with rheumatism and unable to work.

Her worst trouble of all lay in the fact that the remaining £2 10s. of the stolen money was club money, which was due to be paid out the following Saturday.

From year's end to year's end, she had made herself responsible for this club money, receiving 2s. a week for her trouble, which, as she says, is "a little more for food and clothing."

Many people reading this story would say at once: "Well, of course, that's a trumped-up tale to get money out of the Fund."

But it is not.

The vicar of her parish to whom she is well known, who gave her £1 toward her loss, states:

"It is a very sad case. She got a great shock on returning to her room to find it ransacked. If you have any means of helping cases of this kind, your assistance will be a great boon and well deserved. She is a fine old lady."

Her friends have helped her all they can, and here is an opportunity, coming when the year is young, for our readers to behave with prompt and eager generosity.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 53, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

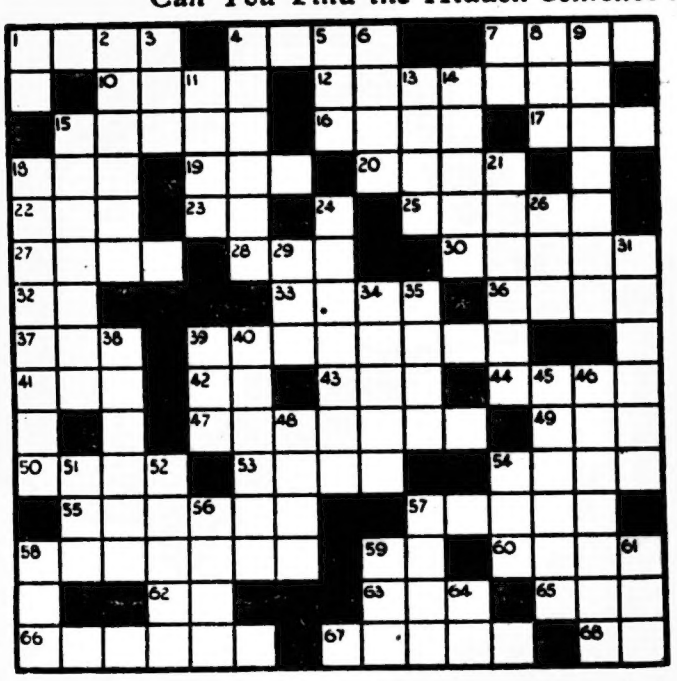
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

P. M. (Belfast), 2s.; "?," 2s. 1d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; L. and G. Johnson (Southampton), 12s.; H. D. Bagalow (London, W.9), 2s. 6d.; Cogs, 4s.; Thankful, £1; Unemployed (Derby), 1d.; P. A. K. (Caversham), 2s. 6d.; M. S. B. (Sutton-on-Trent), 5s.; Divine Love, 1s.; F. M. & W. J. P., 3s.; Mrs. H. E. Pepper, 5s.; E. W. (Shoreham), 2s. 6d.; F. L., 5s.; Delme Richards, 2s. 6d.; E. & G. Clapton, 2s. 6d.; F. James (Cardiff), 3s. 6d.; E. F. C. M., 2s. 6d.; O. E. J. Cole, 2s. 6d.; A. Bosworth, 10s.; D. O. (Bristol), 3s.; Maisie E. Wilcox, 2s.; A. C. (Altrincham), 10s.; M. J. H., 5s.; Jenny Sake, 2s.; Mrs. Ada Anderson, 5s.; Irene and Patsy Francis, 2s.; Somerset Reader, 2s. 6d.; W. W. B. (East Ham), 2s. 6d.; F. H. Collings, 2s.; Mrs. M. A. Thompson, 10s.; A. S. Dukinfield, 2s.; W. Clewes, 2s. 6d.; L. S. (Bloomsbury), 5s.; Mrs. R. G., 2s. 6d.; T. B. (Plumstead), 1s.; Daddy, 7s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. Weatherby, 2s. 6d.; Inglewen (Watford), 5s.; Will (Swindon), 2s.; M. Catto, 3s.; C. Hoffman, £1; Battersea Rise, 2s. 6d.; Sympathiser (Clapham), 3s.; Tommie's Widow, 2s. 6d.; C. O. Buxton, 2s.; A. G. P. L., 5s.; Mother of Two, 5s.; Mrs. Tyson, 5s.; E. B. (Walthamstow), 1s. 6d.; M. G. (Southampton), 3s.; Richmond, 10s.; R. Cole, 6s.; M. A. W., 7s. 6d.; A Working Woman, 1s.; L. G., 1s.; L. E. E. C., 2s. 6d.; W. Hulbert, 3s.; Anon., 6d.; Sympathiser (Southend), 10s.; E. Huggins, 5s.; Unemployed Sympathiser, 6d.; J. Long, 5s.; E. W. (Dexter Heath), 1s.; E. Lucas, 5s.; Brighter Britain (Blackpool), 1s.; J. G. C. (Dawlish), 2s. 6d.; Ivy Lovington, 1s.; E. C. Warborough, 2s. 6d.; Bee Bullets Winner, 1s.; Mrs. M. E. Wells, 10s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

A MYSTERY CROSS-WORD

Can You Find the Hidden Sentence?



CLUES ACROSS

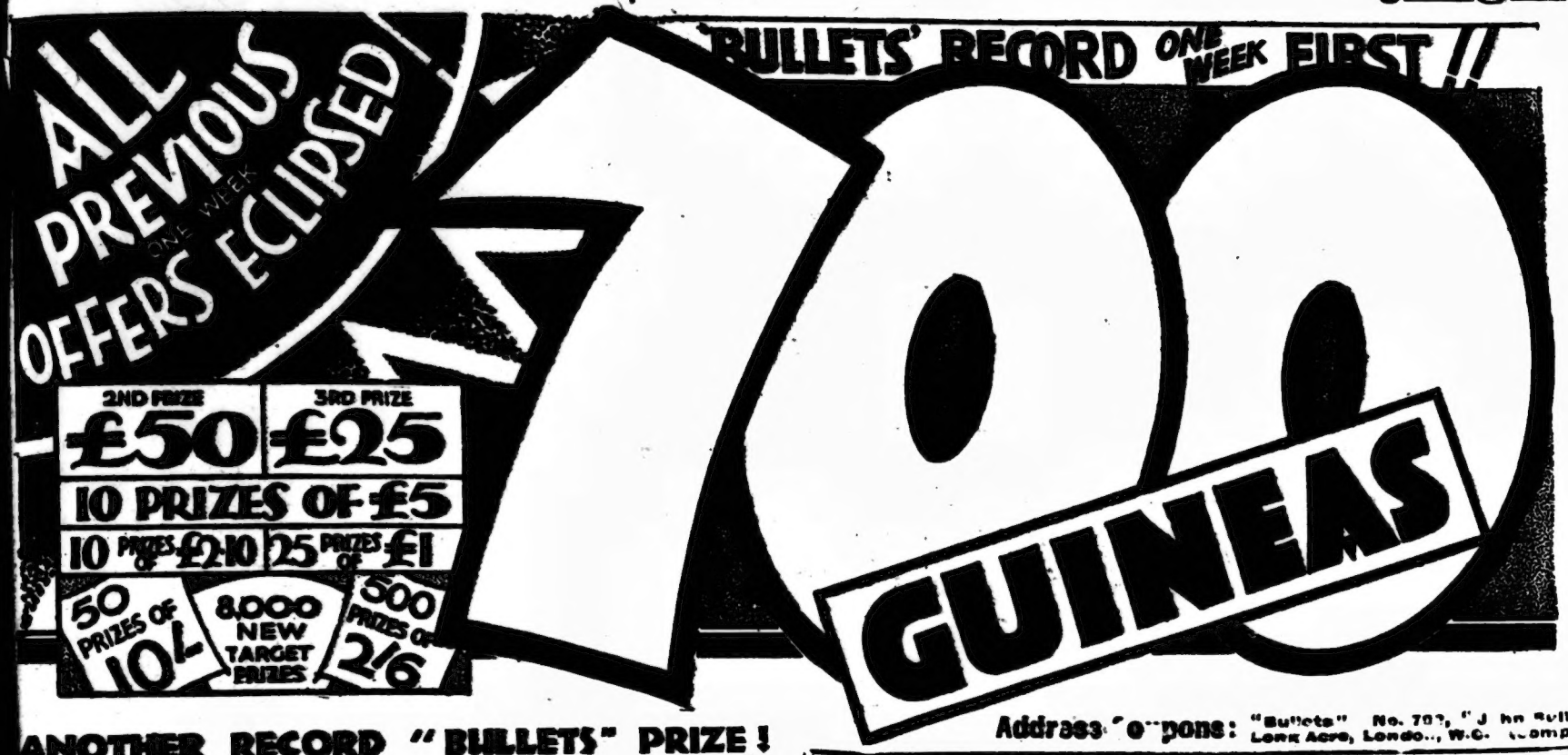
1. Dull brown colour.
4. Foreign quarter of London.
7. Nearly all.
10. Hardwood.
12. Foul.
15. Thither.
16. Volition.
17. Terminal.
18. Before.
19. Boring tool.
20. Chinese coin.
22. Grandma.
23. To exist.
24. Indefinite article.
25. Huge.
27. Prehistoric burial place
28. Bright colour.
30. Arid S. African table-land.
32. Pronoun.
33. An opening.
36. Truly.
37. Decay.
39. Astonishment.
41. Weep.
42. Within.
43. Possessive pronoun.
44. One after.
47. Paralysed.
49. Shelter.
50. Ireland.
53. Root crop.
54. Projecting ridge.
55. That may be used.
57. Fawke's other name.
58. Emigrant.
59. Depart.
60. Free of deductions.
62. Company (abb.).
63. Fuss.
65. Moisture.
66. Powerful.
67. Offspring.
68. Thus.

CLUES DOWN

1. Perform.
2. Greek capital.
3. Insect.
4. Meat pie.
5. In what manner.
6. Death.
7. Myself.
8. Single item.
9. Member of a senate.
11. Urchin.
13. Dross.
14. A writer.
15. Betrayer.
18. Surround.
21. Barns.
24. Fatty.
26. Part of verb "to be."
29. Stray.
31. Bivalve shell-fish.
34. Outcome.
35. Weary.
38. Stenographer.
39. Drink in small quantities.
40. Not equal to the task.
45. Evaded.
46. A dry habit of the body.
48. Affected glance.
51. Regret.
52. Rump of an ox.
54. Receptacle for corn.
56. To stain.
57. Gallery of a theatre.
58. Total.
59. Aeriform fluid.
61. A pair.
64. "Where" in French.

Try your skill at "Cross-words" and win £500 next Sunday in "The People's" Fair-for-all Cross-word Competition.

The solution of our last week's puzzle will be found on page 30



ANOTHER RECORD "BULLETS" PRIZE!

YET another *Bullets* record is shattered this week! Here is the third of our sensational series of 1929 one-week offers with the unprecedented First Prize of 700 Guineas.

No sum of this size has ever before been offered in a contest appearing in one issue only of JOHN BULL. Make a record effort to win this great prize, but make it quickly. Your *Bullets* must reach us by Saturday, January 26th.

HOW TO MAKE A "BULLET."

THE 700 Guineas may be yours even if you have never before won anything in *Bullets*. Constructing a *Bullet* is quite simple. Select one of the *Examples* given on this page and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which fit it fully and with originality. The list of winning efforts below should give you a very useful guide to the *Bullets* which win—now make one yourself!

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 702

[illegible] IN THE WORLD	MILLIONAIRE'S ADVICE	WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE
[illegible] OF CONTENTION	THE REAL REASON	ALL THINGS CONSIDERED
[illegible] WIFE	THE RIGHT CLUB	OUR OWN FAULT
[illegible] PASS-WORD	WHEN EVERYTHING'S READY	I'M GLAD TO HEAR
[illegible] SHE HATED HIM	NOT A BIT OF GOOD	THE ETERNAL QUESTION
[illegible] FOR THE TAXPAYER	IN MID-GEAR	ANOTHER
[illegible] A FUNERAL	WHATEVER WE SAY	HARD OF FATE
[illegible]	VANITY	TALKING SENSE
[illegible] OUR HANDS	"ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?"	STILL ALIVE
[illegible] THAT'S COMING	IMPROVING	LIFE'S A FARCE
[illegible] WAS PRETTY, BUT	A MESSAGE FROM MARS	

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 698

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,500:

Mr. H. G. SHARP, 22, Swinburne Grove, Withington, Manchester.

Example:—Miss 1929

Bullet:—LIVING "STATUE OF LIBERTY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

[illegible]. LEES, 6, Croston Street, Queen's Road, Manchester.

[illegible]ple:—AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED

[illegible]:—DIVIDES TRAMP FROM MILLIONAIRE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

[illegible]. BROADLEY, 29, Lowe Road, Hemborough, Yeovil.

[illegible]mple:—UNKIND

[illegible]t:—NURSING FUNDS, NOT SUFFERERS.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

OTHER BIG PRIZE WINNERS:

£20: Mr. H. LLOYD, 38, Acton Lane, Chiswick, W. MAN WHO ANNOYS ME—AMERICANISES EVERYTHING—BAR WAGES.

£20: C. HENDERSON, 53, Duke Street, Old Trafford. MORE TIME—LATER—LATER, NO TIME.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£18: G. PULFER, 389, Seven Sisters Road, Tottenham, N. NOT TO-DAY, THANKS!—HOUSEWIFE, COAL—MINER, MILK.

£20: R. AUCHTON, Eynesbury, St. Neots, Hunts. Miss 1929—FIGURE, "LATH"—FACE, "PLASTER."

£19: Miss H. ENGLEDOW, Walkers Buildings, Hartshead, Liversedge, Yorks. BRAVE WOMAN—TOOK WASHING—SON, DEGREE.

£18: J. LYON, 30, Halsnead Avenue, Whiston, Lancs. ALL IS A LIFETIME—PHILOSOPHY THAT LENGTHENS IT.

£17: R. PARKHOUSE, Goodcott, Ashreigney, Devon. MAN WHO ANNOYS ME—WINSTON—RESCUING THE *Flourishing*.

£16: A. ELLIS, 9, Pennington Road, Litherland. INDUSTRY—BETTER HANDLING—BETTER FOOTING.

£15: H. W. COOKE, 35, Urban Road, Sale. SHUTTING UP SHOP—"DORA"—"WINNIE" RAIDING TILL.

£14: W. SCARR, 35, Tenison Road, Cambridge. WHEN THE SHIP'S SINKING—FINAL WIRELESS—"HOW'S KING?"

£13: A. WEBB, 224, Woodstock Road, Oxford. SHUTTING UP SHOP—LAST CIGARETTES IMPERIL REALM!

£12: J. SMITH, Bogside Cottage, Newmains, Lanark. MAN WHO ANNOYS ME—STUDIES FORM—VOTES ANYHOW.

£11: R. STOKE, 33, Hawkins House, Blake Street, Deptford, S.E. NO NEED TO WORRY—ONLY THING SHAREHOLDERS TOLD.

(*Continued on page 30.*)

Address coupons: "Bullets" No. 702, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2 (Comp.)

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(702) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 26

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(702) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 26

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(702) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

"If I Could Only MEET You Face to Face!"

"I COULD *PROVE* TO YOU THE AMAZING VALUE TO YOUR HEALTH of 'YEAST-VITE'"

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TIREDNESS IS BANISHED, COLDS and 'FLU Speedily Relieved, the Blood Enriched, and the Nerves made STRONG and STEADY by the powerful VITAMIN NUTRITION of this SAFE and CERTAIN Remedy.

Yeast-Vite is Life

OUR SECRET.

Yet there is no "magic" about YEAST-VITE. The speedy Benefit you experience is simply THE NATURAL OUTCOME of the Scientifically Correct Combination in EASILY ASSIMILABLE FORM of the PURE Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiae), Vitamins (especially Vitamin "B") and the other valuable tonic ingredients which are in every YEAST-VITE TABLET.

READ OUR "QUICK-HEALTH" TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
Headaches	*Relief*	In 5 MINUTES
Neuralgia	*Easement*	In 5 MINUTES
Indigestion	*Joyful Health*	In 5/10 MINUTES
Biliousness	*Healthy Appetite*	In 10/15 MINUTES
Depression	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/15 MINUTES
Disordered Stomach	*Bodily Comfort*	In 10/15 MINUTES
"Nerves"	*Calm Delight*	In 10/15 MINUTES
Rheumatism	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
Influenza	*Energetic Activity*	In 36 HOURS
Constipation	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE —NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Irving's Yeast-Vite from ANY Chemist. Try it at our expense. If, after actual Personal Test, you are not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these Tablets all you have to do is to post the empty carton to us with Government Stamp attached, and your money will be refunded without quibble or question.

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